

Mr. H. G. Beach

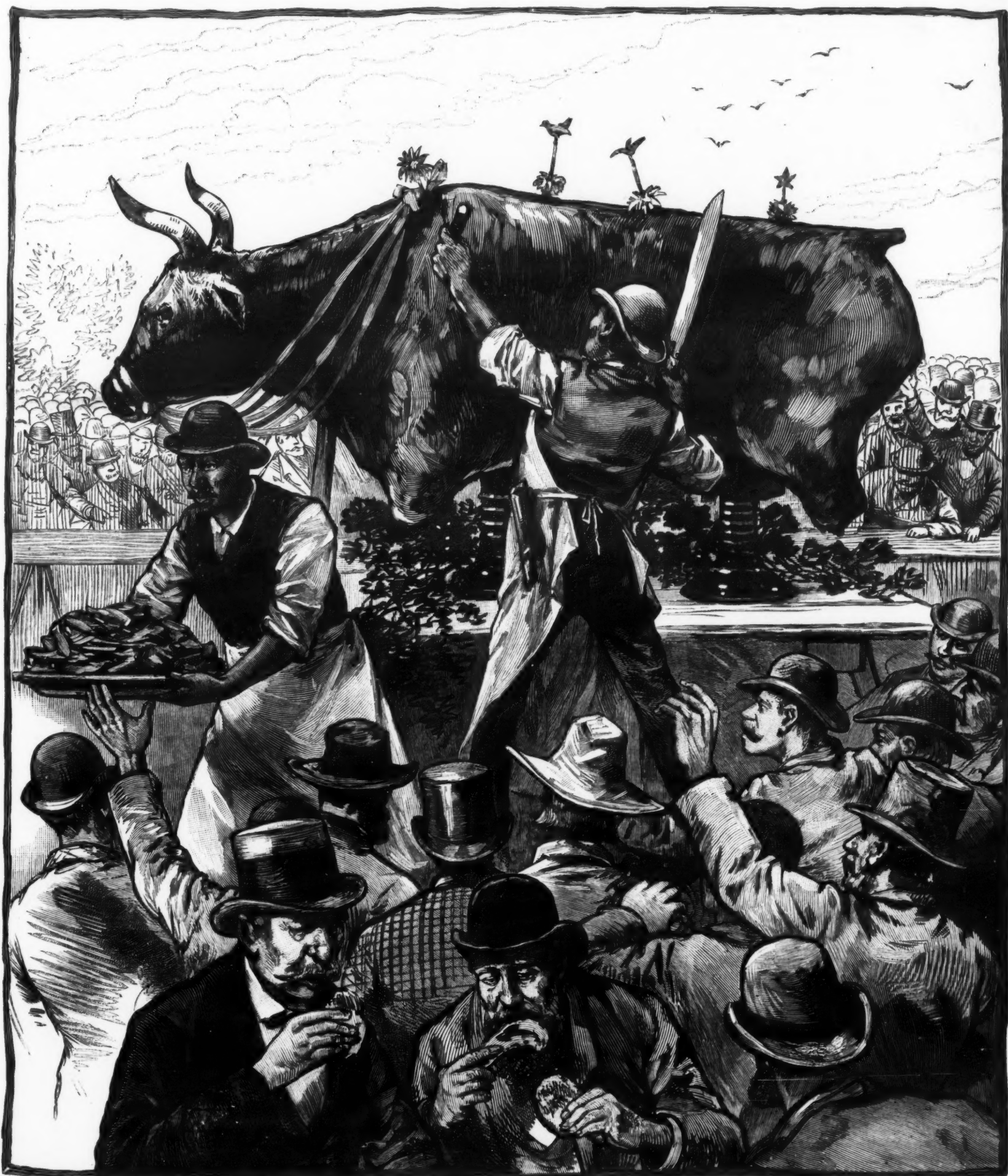
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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A DEMOCRATIC BARBECUE.—THE HUNGRY CROWD OF "UNTERRIFIED" CLAMORING FOR CUTS OF THE TOOTHsome ROAST.  
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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MRS. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 18, 1884.

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

THERE is some danger that the interest which is felt in the Presidential campaign will induce forgetfulness of the fact that a Congress is also to be chosen at the coming election. The cries of "Blaine and Protection" and "Cleveland and Reform" fill the air, and those who mouth the shibboleth seem to think that if their particular candidate can be chosen, the virtue with which his name is coupled will be chosen too. This does not by any means follow. The very contrary may be the case.

In order to maintain the tariff at its present level it is necessary for the Republicans to carry Congress whether they elect Blaine or not; and if the Democrats contemplate "reform" in the method of collecting the revenue, they must elect the next Congress, and they may effect their end, whether Cleveland be successful or defeated. To be sure, the President is by no means a nonentity; he is not only the Executive, but he is a part of the Legislative branch of the Government, both beginning and concluding the work—leading off with recommendations, and closing up with an approving signature or a prohibiting veto. As an agent of progress, of delay and of annoyance, the President has great power. But how impotent for good he is has often been demonstrated when Congress was against him—by Quincy Adams, by Jackson, by Buchanan, by Johnson—even by Arthur. The President, with Congress at his back, is a party—almost a nation; the President with Congress against him is a puerile faction—scarcely more, indeed, than an individual.

So the dominance of party and of public policy during the next four years depends quite as much on the election of Congress as it does on the choice of President. The success of a Presidential candidate may be nothing much more than a moral victory, significant as marking the tendency of a nation's thought; but the choice of Congress is a real material victory, sure, if the party be wise, to be followed by results in legislation. Moreover, it would conduce to the welfare of the country if the party that chooses the President should choose the Congress also, whichever it be, so that, during his first two years at least, he may not be the centre of wrangling contention and the prey of obstructionists, but free to put in force the platform on which the people have elected him. Either candidate for President may be elected without leading the nation to its destruction, as his enemies prophesy; and "the Hope of the Nation," whether one man or the other, may harvest a minority of the electoral votes and still we shall have tolerable prosperity. But let Congress be looked after.

SCIENCE AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

SCIENCE, and scientific methods, have become interwoven with the warp and woof of human activities, changing by slow degrees the aspects of modern thought, and reducing to their control extensive domains long left outside the bounds of definite statement. Science, as we understand it, is that form of activity which, from a study of facts ever strives to build up truthful generalizations, or laws; that these laws, once ascertained, may be used in still further investigation. True science ever mingles a wise skepticism with a reverent belief. It can bring no proofs of what is not true; therefore, only the false has anything to fear from science. On the one hand, it questions the entire universe for truth; on the other, it proclaims that all truth is harmonious and united. It rejects nothing, accepts nothing, asserts nothing beyond what is proven by incontestable evidence, and it holds its dearest theories subject to constant revision.

There is a group of debateable phenomena, psychical, mesmeric and spiritualistic. The evidence in behalf of the existence of the realm of the so-called "supernatural" is, in the aggregate, of great importance, and the task before science is to measure, define and classify these phenomena. Thought-reading, second-sight, apparitions, the study of hypnosis, the examination of Reichenbach's "Odic force" theory, and inquiries into spiritualism, are among the topics studied at great cost and labor by the Society for Psychical Research, organized in January, 1882, of which Professor Henry Sidgwick, of Cambridge, is President, and such men as Professor Barrett, of Dublin, and Professor Balfour Stewart, Richard H. Hutton, and Hon. Roden Noel are officers. The membership is large and increasing.

The books which the Society has published are remarkable examples of thoroughly liberal and scientific investigation of the curious phenomena brought to the notice of its various sections and committees by letter and by personal interviews, and tests of the most elaborate sort. "The Society now commits itself to the opinion," says Professor Barrett, "that one mind may influence another independently of the senses." This he calls "thought transference" and separates from mere "muscle reading." The Society's publications upon ghosts, appearances, second-sight and that class of phe-

nomena, include many hundreds of different statements, criticised, compared, and systematically arranged. Judicial minds of the first order have thus engaged in the work of "sifting the mass of errors, misconceptions and ignorance to obtain the scientific truths, and the Society has everywhere received encouragement. Some of its prominent members are now in this country, being members of the British Association also, and they have so far interested Americans on the subject that steps have already been taken toward the formation of a branch society.

OCTOBER.

MANY years ago New York possessed a comic actor of the name of William Mitchell. He was very much like Burton in his figure and style of action, unctuously comic and sometimes inclined, like Burton, to be vulgar. No man, however, could delineate pathos more sublimely, as those who remember him in the play of "Grandfather Whitehead" will bear witness. What suited his temperament best was the festive and rollicking *Sir Toby Belch*, or the family footman; anything in which there was plenty to do and some wine to drink; and Mitchell therefore was an admirable Bacchus, a little heavy but superlatively rosy. He once appeared as *October* in a mythologic piece. He did not have a word to say, but when his rubicund face appeared at the opening in the clouds there was a shout of welcome recognition. He was October so far as a month can be put into the human form.

But the actors' idea of October, harmonize as it may with the popular taste, does not agree with the mythologic-historic. The Romans dedicated October to Mars. It was their eighth month, and, therefore, its name October. Why Mars is not so clear. It may be that their most important warlike movements were made at this time when the gathered harvest and the weather together made such movements easier; but the American idea of the month is more in harmony with its true character, and the Italian and French festivities at the gathering of the grapes, and the running stream from our domestic cider mills gives the warrant for the bacchanal coloring.

Oh, the glories of an American orchard at this time! The grape-field may be beautiful and suggestive of rosy wine, but the stately apple-tree, its fruit colored by an October sun and mellowed by an October frost has no peer on earth. The urchin who climbs the fence and fills his pockets is to be forgiven, for the temptation is an irresistible one, and we warmly commend the paradise set forth by Douglas Jerrold in one of his earlier works, where ladders were placed against the apple trees for the use of the boys, and on each tree was hung a bag containing needles and thread in case the boys tore their garments by an accident. They were only forbidden to pick unripe fruit.

October is indeed the ideal harvest month. It brings all the late fruits to the ingathering time. The grape and the pear now attain perfection, and nowhere on earth are they so prolific as here. The golden corn bows itself in very weariness of growing, and the potato, the earth-apple, as the French call it, has achieved its ambition of filling the hill. The man who could pass over the entire country would find its true glory in the fields, in that prodigality of nature which leaves nothing undone for the comfort and happiness of man. As we write, while the season at the North is culminating, we hear that the oranges of Florida are just ripening and coming into market, and thus it is that October is the uniting point in the circle. The growth of fruit never ceases. When we stop here, California and Florida begin, and it has been asserted that a man can start South, and, going North, eat fresh picked strawberries ten months in the year.

October is apparently changing somewhat. We are by no means certain that Summer will begin in June, while the first week of the present October, with the thermometer at eighty-two degrees, declared that Summer had not ended. And the delicious days that have followed testify to the same fact. What the month was in the days of that old bard, David Gray, he tells us himself. He says:

"October's gold is dim, the forests rot,  
The weary rain falls ceaseless, while the day  
Is wrapped in damp."

Our own Bryant comes nearer to a proper view of our present October. Bryant was the true poet of the months. He communed with Nature so closely that all her moods and changes fell upon his brain like electricity upon the wires; and Bryant says of October:

"The sweet, calm sunshine of October now  
Warms the low spot: upon its grassy mold  
The purple oak leaf falls, the birchen bough  
Drops its bright spoil like arrowheads of gold."

THE BUSINESS SITUATION.

THE unseasonably warm weather thus far this Autumn has unquestionably had a bad effect on most branches of business, and it is now pretty generally agreed that the Fall trade has been to a great extent a failure. Money has been plentiful, but the banks have not readily discounted commercial paper. The number of failures for the first nine months of this year were 8,302, against 7,358 for a like period in 1883, and 5,307 in 1882. The exports of merchandise hence have been only about \$254,877,621, against \$266,978,519 thus far last year, and

we have sent abroad \$44,162,130 in specie, against only \$12,164,191 thus far in 1883; while our imports of merchandise have reached the imposing aggregate of the sum of \$382,777,779, against \$346,294,829 for the same period last year. These are not encouraging figures.

The speculation in stocks is small, and it is claimed that the fluctuations in quotations are largely due to the manoeuvres of cliques and the influence of fictitious transactions. The difficulties among the trunk lines of this country and Canada are said to have been settled, but the outside public show comparatively little disposition to speculate in stocks of any sort. Committees of investigation into the manner of conducting the affairs of some of our railroads have made reports to investors in England and Holland, or will do so at no distant day, and there is manifestly less readiness than formerly, not only at home but abroad, to take blind risks whether the sums involved be large or small.

Our foreign trade in breadstuffs is not nearly so large as could be desired. The exports of wheat thus far this season shows some increase, but the corn exports are much smaller than during the same period last year, and the same is true of such important items as cotton and petroleum. Russian petroleum is beginning to compete with American in England and Scotland; and in Germany especially, hitherto one of our largest markets, the inroads upon our traffic threaten to be serious. We must sell two-thirds of our enormous production of petroleum abroad, and it is possible that our prices will have to be materially reduced to retain a due share of the foreign trade. The enormous speculation both here and at Oil City affords the industry no real relief. Then the sugar industry is also depressed, not only here, but in the West Indies and in Europe, and the speculation in tea, growing out of the Franco-Chinese war, has collapsed. The drygoods trade is trifling; the business in cotton goods is so dull that a number of large mills are closed, and the state of the woolen goods industry is nearly or quite as disappointing. The iron trade is as stagnant as ever, and while a larger traffic in steel rails is reported at higher prices, some of the mills have been selling at below the published quotations, and all have agreed to run on half-time during the first six months of next year.

AN ALL-POWERFUL AGENT.

THE extent to which money is employed in controlling elections may well arouse the most serious concern. The attainment of office seems to come, of late years, largely through the use of money. In our great cities the man who "puts up" the most money can generally have the nomination for the most lucrative office. The candidate for Congress must ordinarily spend more than his salary to secure his nomination and election. Seats in the Senate have been known to fall to the candidate with the longest purse. A poor man has no longer an equal chance in the race for political preferment. A contest for the Presidency is getting to be largely a contention in the raising and expenditure of money. The party with the largest campaign fund is the party with the largest power.

The part that money plays in our too sordid civilization may as well be acknowledged and made widely known. Thousands of educated men who feel the tortures of poverty are daily cursing the folly or blindness of instructors who failed to teach them in youth the truth most important for them to know that in this country money controls practically everything. A knowledge of this fact at the time when they were choosing their occupation would have saved them a life-time of disappointment. Knowing what they know now, they would have chosen that avocation which promised the largest returns in money.

We are discussing things not as they ought to be, but as they are. Money is now, seemingly, almighty. It is all-powerful because it is exchangeable for whatever is most prized by the world or whatever is held by mankind most dear. Books which are most precious, works of art which are rarest, raiment which is richest, homes that are most tasteful and artistic, and pleasures that are most refined and ennobling, come at the call of cash. The rich only can enjoy in their fullness the pleasures of travel. Wealth only can win the praises bestowed on boundless hospitality. Wealth alone confers the power to be nobly generous. The poor man can seldom be liberal. He must sometimes seem to be mean to avoid the risk of starving his children. Not to be able to pay his share of the little expenses connected with his simple social pleasures is the arrow that pierces nearest the centre of his heart. To be heartless, soulless or speechless is bad enough, but to be moneyless at times seems a thousand fold worse.

Riches develop dignity and independence of character. Serenity of disposition and repose of manners increase with the growth of the bank account. Cash covers or can conceal a multitude of sins.

Money and office are the two measures of success in the United States. The man who gets rich, no matter by what means, is called a successful man. The man of cash can feast on the fat, and enjoy the beauty, of the land. The most accomplished and most refined women fall at his feet and seek him in marriage. Wherever he goes he is flattered and deferred to. The success of the lawyer is measured by the size of his fees. The



eminence of the physician is gauged by the amount of his income. Those preachers are the most distinguished whose salaries are largest. Those college or theological professors are the most influential who have married fortunes. The most lauded patrons of literary, charitable and religious institutions are those rich men who give to such institutions the most money. The donors to colleges are the first to be decorated with degrees.

In view of the almightiness of money, the thing perhaps to do is not to quarrel with the decrees of fate or folly, but to fully realize and comprehend what the existing facts are and act accordingly. It is not well to attempt to reconstruct society so long as human nature remains the same. In a country where there are no hereditary ranks and no permanent honors that come from the Sovereign, the source of honor and power, money will probably be deemed the highest power, the supreme source of whatever ambitious men most long for, so long as human nature is controlled by animal and material forces rather than the spiritual.

#### "WHO'S YOUR HATTER?"

THAT used-up but once familiar bit of slang, "Who's your hatter?" bids fair to come into fashion all over again. In the good old times it applied to the tiles of the sterner sex; now it will bear sarcastic reference to the headgear of lovely woman only, since the hats of our sisters and cousins and aunts, to say nothing of those of our mothers and sweethearts and wives, are assuming shapes, forms and dimensions, so eccentric, peculiar and grotesque as to cause a male biped of average intellect to stand before them in amazement, awe and stupefaction. And what astounding revelations in color! from the "prostrate clam" and the "crushed fishball" to the "decomposed egg" and "moribund microbe."

A huge pagoda of many stories, with golden galleries, and gongs and fantastic ornamentation, flashes beside a nondescript article, pinched into a point in front, with a tower behind, and a nodding plume of a color, never seen on sea or land, over all. A gigantic symphony in velvet, the leaf turned up in wanton coquettishness, and a feather hanging half-way down the back, is confronted by a saucer of gold clinging to the head like the skull-cap of a Dominican friar. A hat in shape resembling the helmet worn by the English army ere it bit the dust at Yorktown and elsewhere, is violently snubbed by a Henri II., while a musketeer has to bear comparison with a head-piece conceived by some cunning tire-woman attached to the Court of France early in the sixteenth century. We have "Fusiliers," "Gondoliers," "Bombardiers." Every hat-wearing country under the sun has been taxed for novelties, from the "Tam-o'-Shanter" of Bonnie Scotland to the silver-laced *sombrero* of sunny Mexico. The sombre headgear of the Pilgrim mothers, and the giddy, wanton chapeaux of Le Parc au Cerfs have strangely commingled. Every conceivable shape has had its innings, and still "fresh novelties" are announced. Where is this movement in hats going to stop? Simple straw, or the plush of our grandmothers is tabooed. Gold and silver and precious stones, and birds and beasts and fishes, flowers, fruits, insects—yes, even reptiles, are pressed into the service. That the head needs covering is scarcely taken into consideration; what is required is a bunch of something showy, effective, dazzling, to sit on the front, the back, the top or the side of the head, according to fancy's dictates.

Not so many years ago the "mushroom" hat appeared on the horizon of fashion, and as it shaded the eyes it gave honest satisfaction, albeit its being worn, save in country places, was regarded as an innovation. Then bounced upon us the audacious "pork pie," since which the hats of our ladies have been fearful and wonderful creations, and at this hour have reached a pitch of license that our grandmothers would have scarcely tolerated even on the stage.

#### THE PROPOSED PARK AT NIAGARA FALLS.

THE Commissioners appointed by the State Legislature in connection with the proposed International Park at Niagara Falls have concluded their labors, and it will now remain with the Albany Solons to take action on the report which will be presented. A long series of meetings was held at the Falls to give property-owners a chance to appear, make representations as to the claimed value of their land, and show good reasons, if they had any, against the establishment of the Park. In the matter of prices none of them were troubled with bashfulness—which, by-the-way, is not popularly classed among the Niagara Falls virtues. For example: one hotel there, which has, close to the river, a wing that has never paid, asked for the site of this wing and a small strip of otherwise worthless land the modest sum of \$337,000, while other owners were equally altitudinous as to figures. Whatever else Niagara Falls can, or cannot, do, it never fails to charge enough. The hotel named is awarded \$110,600 by the Commissioners, and the total award for property required for the Park is \$1,433,429.

Should the State proceed, by legislative authority, to condemn this property, there would probably be more or less tedious litigation forced by some of the rapacious owners, but the greed of half a dozen miserly individuals should not be allowed to interfere with the larger good and combined rights of five millions of New Yorkers and ten times that number of Americans. The Falls belong, by right, to the whole country, and not to a handful of small-souled people, and a chance to enjoy them should be placed beyond the control of an avaricious monopoly. The approaches to the Falls should be made for ever free, and \$1,500,000 would be well invested—if that much must be paid—to insure such a result.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

ADMIRAL COURBET successfully occupied Kelung, the coaling port on the Island of Formosa, the first of the month. The French fleet then began an attack upon the treaty port of Tamsui, on the northwest coast of the island. The Chinese made a vigorous defense, which they still maintain, being strongly entrenched. A bombardment is going on, but thus far the French do not find Tamsui a second Foo-Chow. In Tonquin, where General Negrier had for some time been massing his troops to march against the Chinese, a severe encounter took place last week on the upper Loo Chau River, near Hanoi, ending in the retreat of the Chinese towards the frontier. This retreat being cut off, the Chinese fled in the direction of Daoguan, pursued by the French. A thousand Chinese were slain in the battle. The French loss is reported as one captain and twenty men killed, and eight officers and fifty men wounded. Chinese reinforcements have been sent from the province of Manchuria to Peking, and Li Hung Chang has advised the Government to postpone the reduction of the pay of the soldiers.

Advices from Hong Kong state that business is at a complete standstill, and that commerce is paralyzed. While the French declare that a purely pacific blockade of Chinese ports will be maintained, French cruisers have stopped and boarded English merchant steamers plying between Amoy and the Island of Formosa.

There are indications of a total reversal of the pacific policy which Mr. Gladstone shamed Great Britain into adopting towards the Boers of South Africa. The tenor of advices from the Cape of Good Hope points to a probable war. At the South African Conference held in London, a resolution was adopted demanding that the Government enforce the Transvaal treaty. The majority of the Ministry being opposed to beginning a campaign by British forces against the Boers, instructions were forwarded to Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor-general of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, to limit any action that might be taken against the Boers to the sending of the local force at his command to maintain the British Protectorate in Bechuanaland. The Cape Colony Government, however, refuses to permit its local troops to undertake the suppression of the Boers, and recommends that British troops, with volunteer auxiliaries, be employed for that purpose. Governor Robinson is urgent in his declaration of the necessity which exists for reinforcement of the colonial government troops.

The news of the sad disaster to Colonel Stewart and his command on the Nile, recounted elsewhere, has been followed by reports more cheering to the commanders of the British expedition. The victories of the Mudir of Dongola over various troublesome tribes has encouraged the garrison at Khartoum. The sheiks from the Khartoum and Shendi district, with their followers, have submitted to the Mudir, and spies have been sent out from Dongola to assist the Nile expedition.

Mr. Gladstone has issued a circular urging his supporters to attend the opening of Parliament, as he proposes at the earliest moment to submit important and pressing business for the consideration of that body. Earl Granville hopes that the payment of the Alexandria indemnities will be effected towards the middle of December. It is denied that circulars have been forwarded to the various Powers explaining Lord Northbrook's preliminary proposals for the settlement of the Egyptian question.

Catania, on the Island of Sicily, which had long since grown accustomed to the terrors of Mount Etna, was visited on Wednesday of last week by a new destructive agent in the shape of a terrific cyclone. Twenty-seven persons were killed, 400 injured, and hundreds of houses demolished.—The cholera is gradually disappearing in Italy, but the business depression resulting from it is great, and will cause suffering and want for a long time to come.—The German Government has issued official invitations to the Powers to attend the conference to be held in Berlin to secure freedom of commerce to all nations in the Congo country.

LORD RIFON will not be the next Viceroy of Ireland, for the weighty reason that his appointment would necessitate the passage of a special Act of Parliament, the head of the great house of Robinson being a Catholic. It is probable the Bill to render a Roman Catholic eligible for the Lord Lieutenantcy will pass both Houses, but it would be opposed with vigor and debated at length.

THE first dog-show ever held on the Atlantic was started by Mr. Redmond Furlong on board the *Oregon* on her recent trip to this port. The growling and yelping of the canine pets being conveyed across the "pond" at three guineas a head, and a "tip" to the cook, gave Mr. Furlong the idea, and, as no less than eighteen "beauties" were found to be on board, the show was gotten up with acclamation. Pugs were prominent, as were Skye terriers, and nine varieties of the canine race were exhibited. A baby show will probably be the next form of ocean-steamship entertainment.

FRANCE wants everything. She is now making an ill-adjudged war on China, and she is interfering with the cut of several other terrestrial garments that seem to suit the owners well enough, threatening to reconstruct according to Paris fashion-plates several of the flaps and coat-tails of creation. She is made unhappy even by the dispatch of Lord Wolseley to relieve Gordon, though that expedition is plainly in the interest of all civilization. France will ultimately find out that republics cannot live, and do not deserve to live, unless they severely mind their own business, or interfere with others' affairs solely in the interest of peace.

At the town elections in Connecticut, last week, the proposed amendment to the State Constitution providing for biennial sessions of the Legislature was adopted by 15,000 majority. There are now but five States in which annual legislative sessions are held—Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and South Carolina—and in some of these the tendency is towards the adoption of the biennial system. The conviction is becoming universal that the volume of legislation is everywhere excessive, and that every important public interest would be just as well served by biennial as by annual sessions, while many serious evils, which are inseparable from the present system, would be avoided.

RUM is still in demand. The Boston *Traveler* of August 28th says: "The largest invoice of New England rum ever shipped from the United States was cleared to-day for the coast of Africa—150,000 gallons, or say 3,500 barrels." Dr. Henry M. Field, in the *Evangelist*, is much pained at this, and says: "Such a fact calls for investigation, and we should say that some of the money taken in at the temperance camp-meetings over Sunday might well be spent in that direction." Spent in what direction? Does the learned Egyptian traveler hold that it is too bad to waste rum on the Africans? It was Artemus Ward who remarked, in one of his thoughtful moods: "I respect rum-sellers for their self-denial. I never can sell rum. I always drink it."

THE world moves. It is only two or three seasons ago that a charming Japanese girl—the first of her nationality to be educated in this country—graduated with the highest honors at Vassar. On Commencement Day she was the bright, particular star in a large class of unusually bright young women, and since then she has become the wife of the Japanese Minister of War. And now, following her example, comes Miss Hu King Eng, who has just matriculated in the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, a Chinese girl, eighteen years old, who is the first daughter of the Flowery Kingdom to seek an education in America. She was born of Christian parents, her grandfather's family having been the second in China to embrace Christianity, about thirty years ago. At the conclusion of her college course she will study medicine, and then go back to do missionary work in her native land.

THAT is a poor week in the present campaign which does not bring at least one new Presidential candidate to the front. The latest addition to the already large assortment—up to the time of

going to press—was the nomination at Louisville, by the Drummers' National Convention, of Mr. Joseph Mulhatton. As might have been expected of a man with such a cognomen, he accepted with the least possible delay. In his letter of acceptance he favors prohibition—which is an incongruous and unpopular plank for a drummers' platform—opposes convict labor, and, in a more general than glittering sort of a way, favors, without going into awkward details, retrenchment, reform, the abolition of all war taxes, and the application of the Treasury surplus to the wiping out of the national debt. The only point in connection with this side-show nomination worthy of serious consideration is the fact that a large, important, and every way respectable and intelligent body of practical business men have taken this method of protesting against the autocratic rules of the professional politicians. To connect with the name of Washington, of Lincoln, of Grant, of Arthur, and the office these men have honored, the name of Mulhatton, even as a joke, is a grotesque absurdity—a fact which is as fully appreciated by the perpetrators as by the public.

THE report of an inspector, recently presented to the Tenement House Commission of New York city, affords a startling picture of the untoward conditions under which thousands of our metropolitan population are compelled to live. The report states that 562 tenement-houses visited by the inspector contained 5,050 families and 20,117 persons—an average of nine families, and over thirty-five persons to every house. In many of the houses the occupants reached four times this number. In ninety per cent. of them the closets were in foul condition, ten per cent. being most dangerous to the health of the inmates. It would certainly seem that in the face of facts like these, and of the suggestions they embody, the Commission should be able to recommend to the Legislature some practical measure of relief, and to reinforce their recommendations by an amount of testimony as to the need of immediate action which will make the defeat of those measures impossible—no matter how vehement the opposition of mercenary and inhuman landlords.

LEAVING entirely out of discussion the desirability of the habitual use of tobacco in any form, the importance of the tobacco industry from a financial point of view is but poorly understood. The Department of Agriculture tells us that the crop this year will be larger than ever before, the area of profitable culture now including not only Kentucky, Virginia, Connecticut, North Carolina and Maryland, but Southern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois as well. The tobacco crop of the country, which in 1864 only amounted to 197,000,000 pounds, is estimated this year at about 700,000,000 pounds, or more than three times that of a score of years ago. The acreage of the crop, which in 1864 was 240,000, is now 700,000, and while the value of the crop in the former year was \$30,000,000 this year it will reach \$50,000,000. In addition to the home production, imports will give a total of about twelve pounds of tobacco per head, or month, for every man, woman and child in the country. Exports will reduce the quantity left for home consumption to about eight pounds per capita. The annual import of tobacco is about \$12,000,000 worth, plus \$8,000,000 in duties, making \$20,000,000 which the United States pays each year for tobacco. There are about 1,000 tobacco and 16,000 cigar factories in the country. Last year these factories turned out 3,000,000,000 cigars and 750,000,000 cigarettes. For the manufacture of these cigars and cigarettes 75,000,000 pounds of tobacco were used, while 200,000,000 pounds were made into chewing tobacco and snuff. Adulterations in these various manufactures included 12,000,000 pounds of liquorice, 12,000,000 pounds of sugar, and 6,000,000 pounds of "other materials." The profits to Government for the recently ended fiscal year were \$26,000,000 in internal revenue, and \$10,000,000 in import duties, or a total of \$36,000,000.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THE North Carolina Exposition has resulted in attracting a large amount of Northern capital to the State.

OF eight scholarships just awarded by the faculty of Cornell University, four were won by young ladies.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND announces that he will not leave the State of New York during the pending political canvass.

TOBACCO is becoming so scarce in Virginia that a Petersburg factory has been compelled to suspend operations.

OWING to the recent closing of mills in the vicinity of Petersburg, Va., over a thousand people are on the verge of starvation.

THE movement to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by holding a World's Fair at St. Louis is making steady progress.

THE remains of Red Jacket and other famous Indian chiefs were reinterred with much ceremony in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo, on the 9th instant.

THE New York State Temperance Assembly has adopted resolutions indorsing an appeal to Governor St. John asking him to withdraw from the Presidential field.

THE Annual Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office shows 27,531,170 acres of public lands disposed of during the year, and the total receipts \$12,789,405.

THE Prime Meridian Conference has so far failed to reach any satisfactory result, the French delegates opposing the adoption of Greenwich as the common prime meridian.

MR. TILDEN has written a letter in reply to the official communication to him of the resolutions concerning him adopted by the Democratic National Convention. He makes no reference to Mr. Cleveland.

##### FOREIGN.

THE health of King Alfonso of Spain is again said to be in an alarming state.

THE Russian authorities have closed the University at Kieff, and one hundred and sixty-eight of the students have been arrested for alleged connection with the Nihilists.

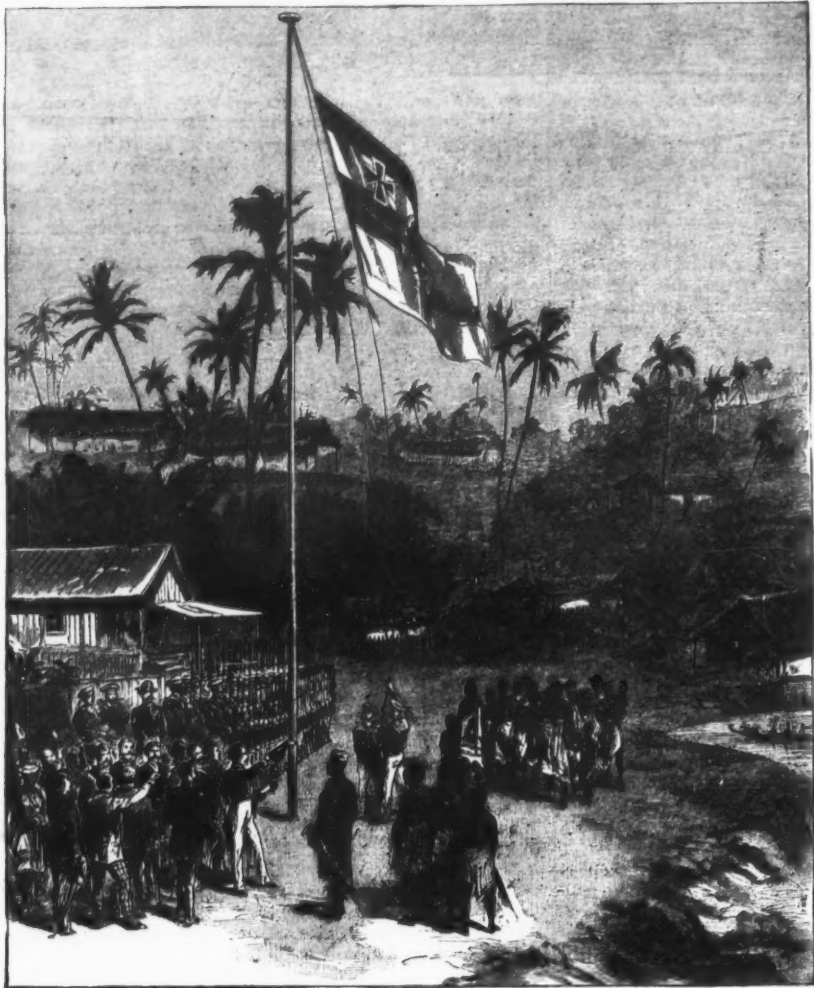
A NEW expedition of the African Association has started from Brussels for Zanzibar, thence across to the upper Congo country. The aim of the expedition will be to establish trade routes and stations from the Congo to the east coast.

PRINCE BISMARCK has prepared a project, to be laid before the Reichstag at its coming session, for the purchase by the Empire of all the railways now owned by the different federal Governments and centralizing the administration thereof in Berlin.

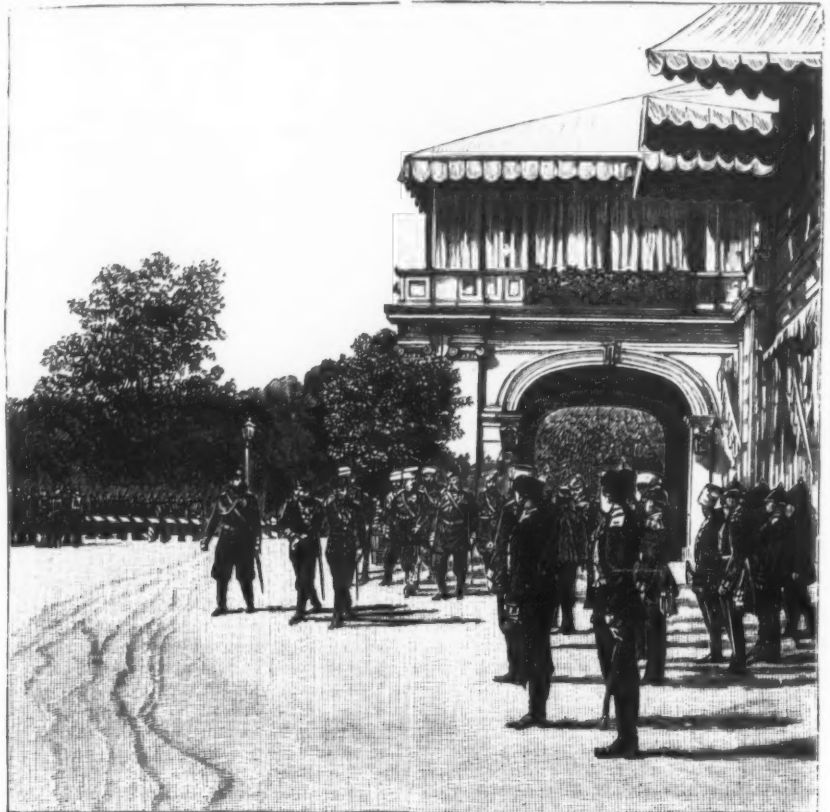
ADVICES from Malacca say that the Hovas will resolutely resist the French advance into the interior of that island. The military preparations being made by the natives indicate that a desperate struggle will ensue if the French make their threatened advance.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 135.



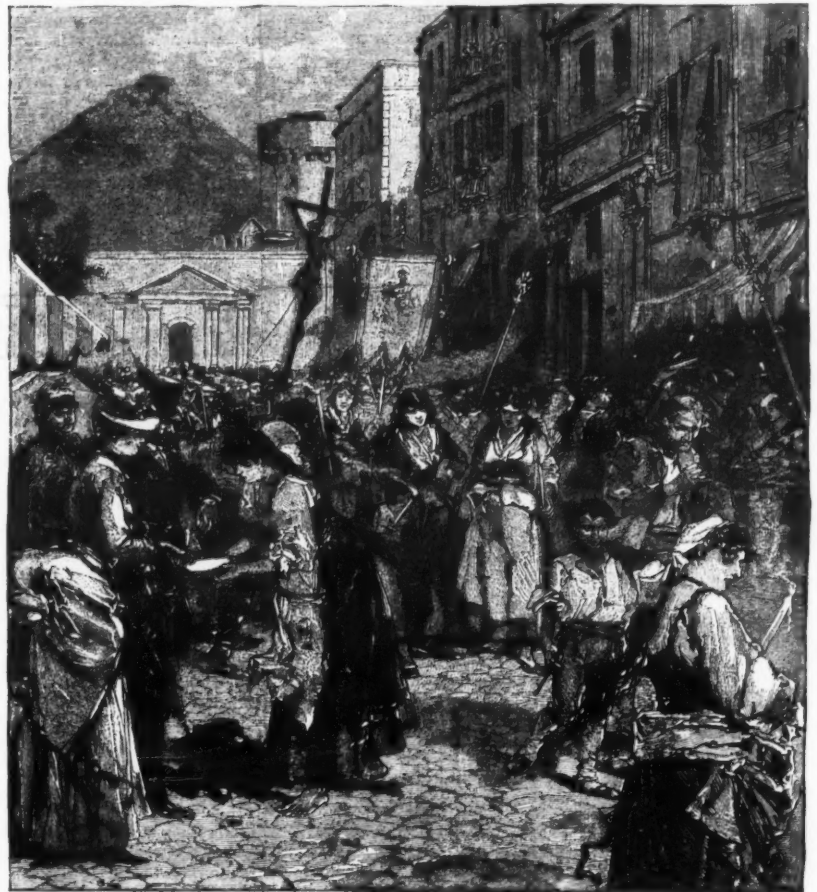
AFRICA.—RAISING THE GERMAN FLAG AT CAMERON ON THE WEST COAST.



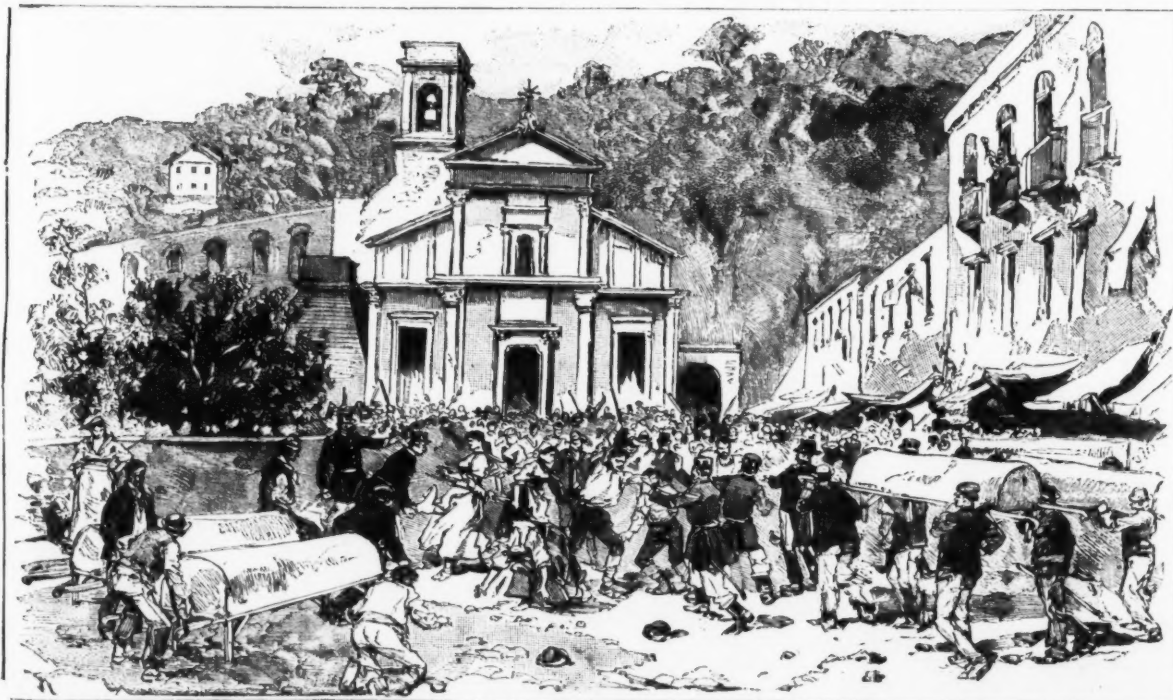
RUSSIA.—THE THREE EMPERORS LEAVING THE CHÂTEAU OF SKIERNIWICE TO REVIEW THEIR REGIMENTS.



THE SOUDAN.—RAPIDS IN THE NILE NEAR THE POINT WHERE COL. STEWART WAS STRANDED.



ITALY.—THE CHOLERA IN NAPLES—A PROCESSION COLLECTING MONEY FOR RELIGIOUS PURPOSES.

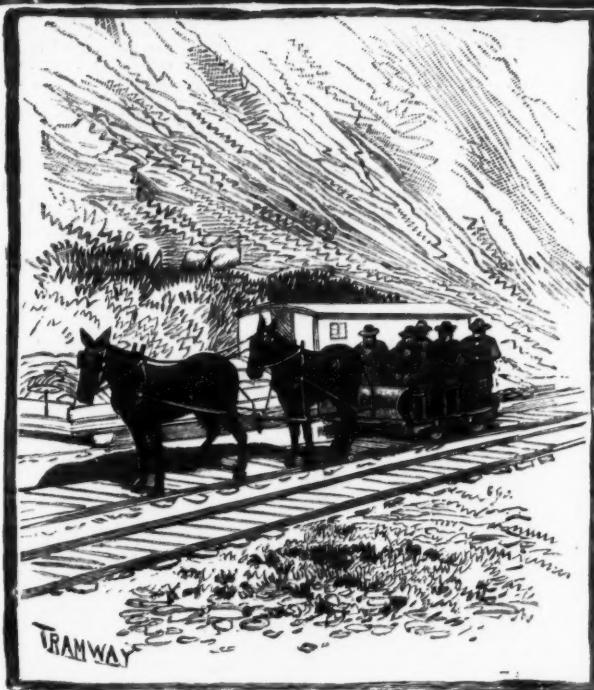
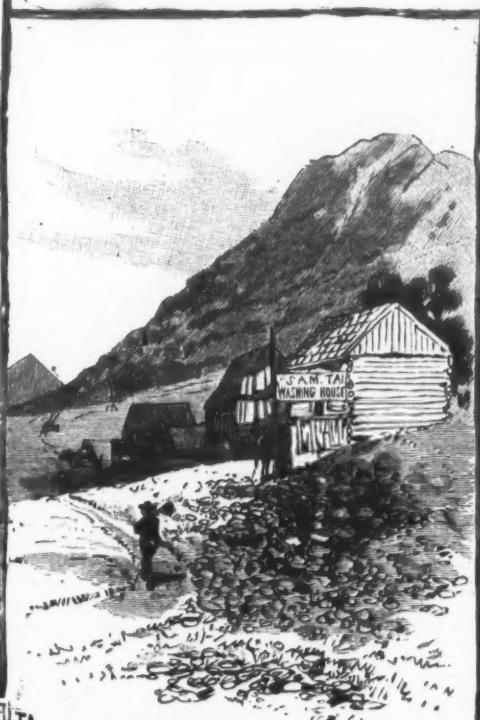


ITALY.—THE CHOLERA IN NAPLES—CONFLICT BETWEEN THE POPULACE AND THE POLICE.



GREAT BRITAIN.—LT.-COL. H. STEWART, RECENTLY MURDERED IN THE SOUDAN.





UTAH.—VIEWS AT AND AROUND GREAT SALT LAKE—THE LAKE BATHING RESORT.

FROM PHOTOS, BY JACKSON.—SEE PAGE 134.



## LOVE.

THE joy of life is a love supreme—

Yes, a great joy oft is as sad as sorrow,  
To love is to live in the trance of a dream,  
With a dread of waking—maybe to-morrow.

To love is to know till life shall cease,  
You must toss on the waves of a seething ocean.  
While swiftly shoreward flies dove-eyed Peace—  
For Peace dwells never with strong emotion.

To love is to know tho' fame and friends,  
Scatter your pathway with gifts most royal  
Thus all your happiness here depends  
On whether one heart will be true and loyal.

To love is to walk between hope and fear—  
At a smile to exult—at its loss to languish,  
To taste in your honey the gall of a tear,  
In your cup of rapture a potion of anguish.

But to love is to laugh in the face of Death,  
For what can he give you of pain or pleasure,  
What new truth teach with the chill of his breath,  
To one who has drank from Love's full measure?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

# "THERE WERE FOUR OF US ABOUT THAT BED."

By PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

I WAS too proud ever to show it, but I never forgave James Kingston, reckoned my most intimate friend, for taking from me the woman I loved. I say he took her, because we were getting on well together; because I am sure she liked me; would most probably have been my wife had he not come between with his bold, handsome face, his dark, unscrupulous eyes, his clear, ringing voice; and, added to these things, his skill at making verses. The verses might have been better, but then they might have been very much worse. Well, he came and stormed her heart, and the deep violet eyes, the heavy gold hair, the sweet red mouth, the delicately defined figure, were not for me, but all his. Did she know my heart? Yes, I am sure she did—women are quick at such things. I believe she enjoyed thinking of my suffering, so cruel are these women.

They had been married about a year, when Kingston confided something to me which filled me with evil joy; for I felt sure that some day the truth would out, and that then I should be avenged. About six months after their marriage they became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Rexford. He was good enough, as men go; large and mild, and on the whole stupid; and she—well, I should have loved her had I not loved the other woman, that I know. She was tall and dark and graceful as a cat. In utterance, in movement, in thought, in everything she did she was swift and certain; but Ellen Kingston had ruined me for loving any other woman, and for that I cursed her day and night. I loathed the sight of her happiness. I longed that she, who had made me suffer so much, should suffer in her turn. Don't you think I would have loved again if I could? I tried to do so. More than once I imagined myself to have fallen in love, but it was never for more than a day, for always those violet eyes reclaimed me. No, between them, he and she, they had wasted my life.

I knew his secret, but I had to keep it and trust to the mercy of an avenging Providence.

I suppose no woman had ever been so much in love before as she was. She almost groveled at his feet, and he seemed content enough. He never spoke a cross word to her, she said, and I quite believe her; and he wrote her poems, too. Some she took to herself, which perhaps had derived their inspiration elsewhere, and so they were happy, happy as turtle doves, and Mrs. Rexford and Mrs. Kingston became fast friends.

One day, in the height of the London season, a fever laid hold of Kingston and put him to bed. Then, if you like, there was a sound of lamentation in the house at South Kensington. Rachel weeping for her children was nothing to it. Though he rhymed and rhymed reasonably well, Kingston was quite a well-to-do man, and, moreover, affected the ways of society. He drove fair women in the Park; he took them up the river in his pretty little steam-yacht; and when their poodles or their dear friends died, he wrote verses to commemorate the occasion. He was a most useful man, and gentle ladies sold his poems at fancy fairs; but, because of these things, let no one think the man was a fool. He was rich, liked people, and they liked him, and that is all about it. He was a glorified kind of butterfly.

Well, when the fever got hold of him, it was a bad business for every one concerned. Oh, the pleasant dinner-parties, and lunch-parties, and garden-parties, and water-parties that had to be put off indefinitely, and the anxiety as to how it would end. The most renowned of doctors came twice daily, and all the while the fever blazed, and each time the doctor came he looked more and more grave. At length the patient took to wandering; but, unlike *Falstaff*, he babbled of more than green fields. Always was on his lips the word "Edith."

"Why don't you come?" he would say.

"Why, it must be my wife, Edith, he wants to see," said Rexford. "They were good friends, though they did not see much of each other."

"Will she come to him?" asked Mrs. Kingston.

"Or would she be frightened?"

"She, she is frightened at nothing. I will go for her at once. It is nine o'clock now; we will be back, at latest, in an hour."

I remained to watch by Kingston while his wife lay down on the sofa. All around the house it was very still, because straw had been put down in front of it. It was curious to see the carriage-lamps flash by, and to hear no sound of wheels.

It was a warm May night; the moon looked down out of a deeply blue sky. People were being happy or wretched, as the case might be, in the whirl of the London season, and we waited—we three.

"Edith," moaned the dying man; "where is Edith?"

"Edith is coming," I said, but he did not seem to understand.

His wife came and stood beside the bed, and laid her hand upon his forehead. He looked at her with disappointed eyes, and said: "But you are not Edith. Where is Edith?"

"Did you know they were such friends?" she asked me.

"I should not have called them friends," I replied, and felt that in that I had spoken truth.

"Will you never know me again, my darling?" she cried, leaning above him, the bitter tears raining down upon his face. He turned from her, cast up his arms and moaned as in some vague distress. Just then a hansom stopped in front of the house.

In another minute Mr. and Mrs. Rexford entered the room together. She was pale, but held herself with her usual proud grace.

"I have come," she said, to Mrs. Kingston, "because he asked for me."

Then she went to the bed, and bending down spoke his christian name softly. He sprang up in bed, his eye ablaze with rapturous recognition. His arms went round her neck and he drew her down upon his heart, devouring her lips with kisses, and crying aloud:

"It was cruel of you to keep away from me if you did think it wrong to come. In the morning I shall be hung for it; but I would have been hung ten times over to know the joy. Ah, Edith, my one love, my only love, what lovely lips to kiss!"

Then he ceased, and there was no sound but the low sobs of the woman as she lay clasped in his arms, her dark hair mixing with his. The rest of us stood round the bed speechless. I alone was glad of the hour, my hour. Rexford looked dazed as if he scarcely knew quite what it was that had happened; Mrs. Kingston looked like one who has taken deep into her heart the point of a dagger, and knows that from the wound of it she must fall soon and rise no more. She stood there with her small white hands shining with rings clasped tightly against her side. Then she turned and addressing us, said:

"Do you not think for the present we had best leave the room?"

So we did, and sat down-stairs in the drawing-room. Of the three of us, one person was grimly glad.

We had been sitting there some time when Mrs. Rexford came in. She had wiped her tears away and seemed quite composed, and when she spoke her voice did not fail her. Her utterance was as usual—low, rapid and distinct. She spoke to Mrs. Kingston.

"If he had not sent for me I should not have come. In life he had been mine, for he really never loved you; and I was willing that in death you should still fancy him yours; but when he asked for me, you see, I had no choice but to come. My first duty was to him. I should like to stay to the end, if I may; it cannot be long deferred now."

Rexford was about to speak, but she silenced him with a wave of her hand, saying:

"Not now; you and I can settle later."

"I think," began Mrs. Kingston, "your place is scarcely here."

"But I may stay?—thank you?" and without another word Mrs. Rexford went swiftly from the room.

There is little more to tell.

Kingston remained for a day or two more in a state of high fever, feeling all the time that Edith was near him, though he knew no one else, and did not realize where he was. After the first night of watching an unnatural drowsiness took hold of Edith, and bitterly against her own will she would collapse into a sleep which seemed more like stupor.

On one of these occasions I persuaded her to go to bed, saying I would call her if she were in any way needed. Then I went to take my place by Kingston's side. He was quiet and seemed to be sleeping. I wondered if a blessed change was at hand. Presently the door opened and Mrs. Kingston came in softly.

"I will watch by him now," she said; "but do you, please, stay in the room lest I should want anything."

So, while she took a chair at his bedside, I drew one to the window which stood open, and looked down into the street. I had not been sitting there long when I was startled by a low cry. Leaving the window, I saw that Kingston had opened his eyes and was gazing at his wife with recognition, and, being weak, his hand faltered to hers, which lay close by on the coverlid. Their fingers met.

"I am going," he whispered. "Say to my friends that I remembered them. I love my wife."

Those were the last words he spoke. Had the man died with a lie on his lips?—who shall venture to say? Before Edith could be summoned he had passed away, and he passed holding his wife's hand in his.

The next day Edith's drowsiness declared itself, and she was attacked by the same fever to which Kingston had succumbed, and which she had evidently taken from him. Like him, she died of it, and sank rapidly, and being taken ill at his house, was there nursed and there died.

Rexford has married again. Mrs. Kingston lives in great seclusion. Her doctor says her nervous system had been shocked to its centre. He fears she will not survive very long.

## HOW I BECAME "PARTICEPS CRIMINIS."

"NOW, you're not a bit afraid, Mollie?"—

"Afraid—of what? I'm not a baby."—"No, indeed; you're a hundred," mockingly.

"And if I've traveled all the way from Cincinnati to New York by myself, I don't know why I can't go from Leamington to London."

"Yes, but this isn't America, you know. And girls are so silly. I don't see what can happen to you, unless you put your head out of the window too far, and get it knocked off. Now don't be dignified. I'm telling you this to keep my spirits up. I'm afraid maybe the *water* might cut up about my leaving you, but I can't let this chance for shooting slip, and the fellows won't wait. Hello! here's the train! First-class to London, guard. Nobody in the compartment? All right, Polly, jump in. Make my peace with the *water* if she is vexed. Tral, la, la," cried my brother, giving me a hug and a kiss. The door slammed. I was going to London all alone, when it opened again. A man rushed in, pell-mell—gun, bag and fishing-tackle.

"Just in time, guard?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Here's a shilling for your trouble. All alone, eh?"

"No, sir; a young lady, sir."

This time the door slammed securely, the key was turned, and the guard disappeared.

It was half-past four o'clock. A damp, dull afternoon. I looked at myself in the little mirror opposite. It reflected a tall, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, with a pretty complexion, and neat traveling dress. A very young person, eighteen at best, and a very strong and healthy one. We, my brother and I, had been to Warwick, Stratford, etc., and at the last moment he received a telegram from some college mates, bidding him meet them in the North; they had formed a shooting-party which was to start the next day. My mother was in London; so we determined, rather than destroy his pleasant trip, that I return to her alone. The train was going at full speed, fifty-five miles an hour. I could scarcely, in the dim twilight of the December day, distinguish the rapidly moving trees and houses as we skirted along. After a little I turned my eyes on my companion. He was a tall, raw-boned man, with gray eyes, and long red hair; heavy red whiskers covered his face. He wore a shooting-jacket and a loose flannel blouse. He fixed his eyes on me for five minutes without speaking. At a certain station the guard, our guard that was, got out and passed the window. I saw another official get on. Our guard touched his cap and boarded an out-going train. We started off with renewed rapidity. I was feeling almost lonely, and the slightest degree embarrassed by my close proximity to my unsociable companion, when he got up from his seat, opened his traveling-bag, took out a pair of shears, and, putting his hand on my shoulder, said:

"I want you to cut my hair."

"Cut your hair!" I cried, too amazed to be alarmed. "Are you crazy? Cut your hair?"

"Yes, cut my hair immediately."

"I will not!" I exclaimed. "Guard, guard, come to me, this man is crazy!" I rushed to the door; it was locked, of course; and the guard I knew and who knew us, was miles away, having changed at the last station.

"It is useless to make a disturbance," said the fellow. "I intend that you shall cut my hair! If you do not, I will kiss you, take your choice."

Trembling I took the shears.

"Wait. Put a towel around my neck, there. Thanks, very much. Now, carefully."

For a half hour I cut away; it had grown quite dark, only the dim light of the railroad-lamp illumined the compartment.

"Is it all off?" he asked, producing his glass and peering at the cropped crown.

"Yes!"

"Not bad for a beginner. Now, for my whiskers. I can't shave, you see, for my arm is broken."

For the first time I saw this member hung helplessly at his side.

"But I will not!" I screamed; "I will not!"

"Yes, you will," said my persecutor. "You will do just what I tell you. Kneel down here, in front of me, and cut my beard."

"I will not, I will not!"

"Very well." And he advanced toward me. Instantly I was on my knees cutting away at the forest of undergrowth.

"As close as you can, my dear. You will find the shears sharp. I don't believe you've left a hair on my head."

This took me longer to do than my previous job. The beard was stubborn, and monsieur very particular.

"All must go," he said, pensively. "All my long love-locks and my lady-killers! But necessity"—drawing a sigh—"cruel necessity, knows no law."

He threw me a kiss with the tips of his bony fingers.

"I shall always dub you cruel necessity in my own mind."

His face being as clean shaven as my implement allowed, he bid me turn my back.

"I will not! Oh, I will not!" I wept. "You will kill me. Oh, have mercy!"

"You will turn your back immediately," said my tormentor. "But first help me adjust my arm in this sling."

Like a whipped slave, I meekly tore the linen handkerchief he produced from the valise into two parts, and bound it about his arm. At least he was brave, for the drops stood on his brow, but he did not quiver. "Now, take this lead and pencil under my eyes, and shadow my eyebrows. Not too deeply, but as you would do your own, my dear, were you dressing for a ball."

I trembled. "The madman!" I whispered, below my breath. "Oh, the madman!" But I did as I was bid. One faltering look and I felt his arm would be around me.

"Now, look out of the window. Mind, if you so much as move that pretty little head, on my honor as a gentleman I must take my revenge."

For twenty minutes, or was it a hundred years? I sat gazing into the darkness without. The lightning rapidity of the train as we rushed along made a leap through the window suicidal.

I thought of my mother and my home, and, poor child, of my girlish sins and negligences. I was too frightened then to cry, too stunned to make any resistance.

"Look, my pretty dear!" said a gay voice.

I heard the window open, and a black bundle fell. Was I dreaming or mad?

There, under the light of the little-oil lamp, a breviary in his left hand, with downcast eyes and reverential air, was a young priest, in the full flowing vestments of a fellow of a Jesuit college.

The fishing-tackle, the guns, the valise, the shears, the towel with the bundle of hair were all gone. And with them the thief, murderer, assassin—I know not what he might have been.

"Where is he?" I said, presently, hoarsely—was it my own voice issuing from my own bloodless lips? "What has become of the man—the murderer?"

"You have been sleeping, dear child," said the father, gently. "No one is here but myself. You are under the spiritual and temporal care of the Church."

He smiled and moved a little. I recognized the lately denuded crown and the rudely-shaven beard. The bandaged arm was hidden under his flowing sleeve.

"Lonnon, sir! Ay, ay! all right, sir; first-class? Yes, sir; one gentleman and a lady. This way, sir!" cried the guard.

I heard the door unlock, and two policemen rushed in.

They gazed at us in blank surprise.

"Certainly, your reverence; pass by. There's a mistake somewhere. Where's the warrant, Bill?"

"Tall fellow in fishermen's get-up; long red beard, red hair, guns, valise, fishing tackle; got on at Leamington."

"By George! he threw himself out of the window." And they rushed to the side of the compartment. "But this young lady was here all the time. Say, young lady, did you happen to see a tall fellow answering this description get on at Leamington? The guard changed at A—; he is Marshall, the defaulting bank-clerk; he scooped last week with £10,000. He was traced to Leamington to-day; they wired us from there. Say, your reverence, did you happen—Hello! where's his reverence?"

When I came to myself I was lying on my own little bed in the London lodging-house, and my mother told me slowly and by degrees that when she entered the carriage a moment afterwards I was in a dead faint, lying on the floor, and that I was ill a long time afterwards.

They found the gray valise, the shooting clothes, my bundle of hair, on the railroad track where they had been thrown; but his unwilling accomplice had rendered such good service to their quondam owner that we nor his detractors ever heard of, or in any way traced, him again.

## GREAT SALT LAKE AND PHENOMENA.

By WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU.

ABOUT four o'clock during the Summer afternoons an immense cosmopolitan caravan makes its way from Salt Lake city to the bathing-houses on Great Salt Lake. The city and the lake are twenty-four miles apart, and the distance is soon annihilated by means of open cars, which remind one of long cattle trains, so crowded are they with every kind of humanity. Any one who has regarded Chicago as the point where the world assembles, can easily disabuse himself at the bathing-grounds of Great Salt Lake. Here are no great caravansaries and amusement grounds, such as one meets at Coney Island. There are no restaurants, no docks, no promenade, no hotels, nothing that one considers absolutely essential to a Summer resort. There is just one great, unparalleled, delightful, fascinating (and the rest of the vocabulary) occupation, and that is bathing. No one wishes to do otherwise than bathe, not even to climb the mountains that rise abruptly from the lake shore.

Arriving at the railway-station one gets off the train at a long platform. An old, barn-like structure connects, where bathing-dresses, towels, poor whisky, bad beer and dreadful cigars are sold over one counter by any one of three men who stand behind it. It is also possible to get a flint-like sandwich.

The barn, or rather shed, where these purchases are made, contains a number of long tables, seats and a dancing floor. A long pier leads out from it, with a double row of bathing-houses, extending its entire distance. Alongside a barge is moored, and used for excursion and dancing parties. The latter are very infrequent, owing to the unalloyed delight of bathing. To this enchanting spot of nature adorned by the uncouth structures of man, every class of society wends its way. There is no parlor-car for the Governor of the Territory, the Twelve Apostles, or the bonanza king and his Worth-clad family. The mugwump and magnate ride with the masses, and make a grand rush with the fish-peddler and the shopkeeper for the bar, each elbowing, jamming, squeezing, cursing and struggling for bathing-suit and towel, and a little inward bracing to meet the increased outward pressure. Without regard to rank or possessions, all pay their quarter for a felonious-looking garb, towel and bath-house key.

Arrived at the stairs leading into the water, the newcomer begins one of the thrilling experiences of his life. As he goes, step by step, along the white sand floor of the lake, he has a sensation that he must either hold down his feet firmly or be shot out of water like a cork. When he lies down flat to swim, his legs are forced out of the buoyant water, and in working his arms he finds that only by plunging them in, dog-fashion, can he make any progress, and then but little. The least wind blows him along on the surface at an alarming rate. He tries to get on his feet, but he cannot sink them. In a spasm of terror, he makes desperate plunges with his legs, all to no avail. A drop of brine flies in his eye and renders it useless for some time, or he gulps some water in his throat, producing the agonies of almost strangulation. In this critical situation he seizes a rope or a pier-pile in desperation and regains his feet. The first thing to do is to rush for fresh water, cleanse the injured eye, and gargle the throat. He looks out on the water and sees hundreds of



bathers, all lying on their backs, some with their arms under their heads as pillows, smoking or reading, some holding parasols over head, and others with their arms stretched out, gently paddling themselves over the surface and steering with their feet. Among the latter are experts who fairly skim over the water. Surely, thinks the beginner, he can lie on his back easily enough. He tries it, paddles a short distance, and stops suddenly as he has a sensation that perhaps he has reached deep water. He attempts to sink his feet to ascertain, but they are not of sufficient weight; not even if he be an influential politician from Chicago. Oh, if he could put one foot down to ascertain the situation. In despair he determines to make a full breast of it to an expert near by, and ask help. Some kind Mormon, who has enjoyed the bath all his life, offers him suggestions like these:

"Place your arms at an acute angle with your body. Now make a scoop of your hands. Thrust them under the water and keep them under your body. That's right. Now, see, everytime you dip, your feet go towards the bottom. Here you are sitting up as if you were on a chair. Stand up now. Easy enough, isn't it?"

The good Mormon gives a few instructions, and soon you are idly floating or spinning around on your back, bumping against people, riding on the smooth surface or over the waves in the wildest glee. The ocean is very good bathing; Colorado and California are helpful to consumptives; but here is the most novel and untrifling amusement in the world. The atmosphere is so dry and salty that no consumptive need despair. Breathing the air, and bathing in the morning in the hot sulphur springs, and in the afternoon skimming over the lake surface on one's back, will cure the generality of cases of lung troubles. Two weeks here will so effectively cure catarrh, that one need not be troubled with it again for two years.

Usually at sundown an object is seen whirling down through the mountain passes from the southwest. There is haste to let down the car curtains and shrill warning to hasten into the bath-houses. A sand-storm is traveling with cyclonic energy and the rapidity of a whirlwind and hurricane. In an instant, down rolls great whirls of sand that bury the cars up to the sills, beat with tremendous force against the rocks and boards, and riddle the surface of the lake. The storm usually lasts but one or five minutes. As it travels over the lake, one can watch it for 150 miles, with its whirling banks 3,000 feet high, which roll over and over until all seem precipitated into the lake. These storms come with terrific fury, last their brief moment, and sweep on, leaving the world as calm, as bright and as cool as it was previously. They tell the great story of the American and other deserts. As the rocks wear away in the mountains, the sands are caught up in whirlwinds and driven down through the passes to fill up the lakes and lay a sand floor on the plain until it becomes indeed a desert. These storms account for the white sandy bottom of Great Salt Lake. They account for the admixture of sand with the alluvial deposits of the Great Basin, wherever the lake once spread. They account for the trackless wastes of Sahara and show the disposition Nature has made there of the former mountains of Nubian sandstone of Africa. They tell us that mountains crumble and decay, that the whirlwinds aid the waters to disperse them over continents to make prairies of rich soil or trackless wastes of deserts. Herein is a field which has escaped geologists and writers so far and which they may find ripe for research.

The discovery of Great Salt Lake is lost in obscurity. In 1689 Baron La Hontan wrote an account of this lake. While the Declaration of Independence was being signed in the Far East, Fathers Escalante and Dominique were making their way from Santa Fé northward. A few days later they beheld Utah and Great Salt Lake. There are records which show that at least in 1820 trappers and hunters were familiar with Great Salt Lake. These people and travelers were accustomed to describe the body of water as a great salt lake, around which it was difficult to obtain freshwater, and hence arose the name. Washington Irving vainly endeavored to rechristen Great Salt Lake as Lake Bonneville, after the man who discovered that there was no outlet, and whose indefensible slaughter of unoffending Digger and other Indians along the route of exploration, rank him with Nero as a monster of cruelty. The United States Geological Survey, however, has succeeded in perpetuating the explorer's name in science by calling the ancestors of the present body of water, which spread over most of the Great Basin, by the name of Lake Bonneville.

At its highest stage, Great Salt Lake covered about 35,000 square miles of surface, and had an outlet through the north shore, emptying into Snake River, thence through the Columbia into the Pacific Ocean. At that time it extended from the southwest corner of Utah through that Territory into Idaho, over 350 miles, a distance not differing from that between Chicago and Cairo, or Illinois. This great body of water is generally supposed to have disappeared by evaporation, or, in plain terms, an approximate evaporation occurred of about 116 cubic miles of water. Suppose the lake lowered at the average rate of one hundredth part of an inch per year (and that supposes an evaporation of 1,500,000 cubic feet annually), then it was at its greatest height 1,200,000 years ago. The present body of water has barely 5,000 square miles of surface. If the evaporation continues in the future as it has in the past, there will be nothing but a thin sheet of water during each Spring where Great Salt Lake now is in 1,500 years. Now is the time for business and industry to make salt while the sun shines. About ten per cent. of this water is pure salt; or, in other words, there is about one cubic mile of salt in Great Salt Lake, awaiting enterprise and capital, enough to supply the world for 60,000 years. This estimate is made on the basis that the amount of salt consumed annually is approximately one pound to every individual on the globe.

Animal life does not thrive in Great Salt Lake, according to investigations. Chief Editor Hamilton, of the Salt Lake Tribune, informs me that several attempts have been made to introduce some ocean food-fishes into these waters, but without success. It is possible, however, that there are unknown fishes and organisms which live in this lake. It is known that there are immense springs of freshwater which bubble up in different parts of the lake. In the southeast quarter a freshwater spring is said by the residents to have a surface of several square miles, although no one has made a survey of it. It is possible that within these springs are unknown organisms which thrive under peculiar conditions.

To the east of the lake the perpetually snow-capped peaks of the Wahatch Range are objects of constant interest. Mr. G. K. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, assures us that this range is growing in height, and in conse-

quence of which it is expected that at no future time the Mormon difficulties will suddenly terminate. Leading down to Great Salt Lake through these mountains are passes, rich in attractive scenery. Tramways are laid through them, connecting with the railway, on which little cars are propelled by mule-motors or dummy engines. Once these passes were tramways for glaciers, and later for mountain streams and the avalanche. Here 150 miles of rarified atmosphere so magnifies objects that they appear but an hour's walk away. One wonders at the long time required to reach seemingly near objects. Especially is this true as one flies across the salt marshes to the bathing-houses by rail, or follows the windings of the tramway through the Devil's Bow Pass, or up the Little Cottonwood Cañon to snow-buried Alta and the famous Emma Mine. While listening to the muleteer telling his story, or admiring a huge overhanging boulder, or dreading the blank darkness of the snow-shed that protects the tramway, one occasionally pauses at a favored point of view, or climbs a lofty spur, to look in the direction of Great Salt Lake and speculate why its colors should so resemble the atmospheres that it is seldom visible, though plainly in sight.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE RAISING OF THE GERMAN FLAG IN AFRICA.

The German flag has been raised at Cameron on the west coast of Africa, one of the most unhealthy locations in that most fatal climate. The ceremonial was as picturesque as it was imposing. Palms and trees of brightest tropical verdure shaded the thatched native dwellings, on this occasion decorated with wondrous-colored flowers. In the blue waters of the bay the natives turned out in force in canoes, while the women and children stood in groups gazing with awe and admiration at the line of trim-built marines who, on the word being given, presented arms as the flag floated to the top of the staff to the strains of the national anthem performed on fifes. Beneath the flag-staff stood the representative of the Kaiser in diplomatic uniform, surrounded by his staff, and various German officials. Opposite, armed with a huge umbrella, was the native Governor with his staff, all of whom, save for a piece of white calico around the loins, were as Adam in the Garden of Eden. The representative of the Kaiser called for three cheers, and amid a scene of general rejoicing Vaterland took possession of this malarious "bit of colony."

##### THE THREE EMPERORS AT SKIERNIEWICE.

A feature of the recent Imperial meeting at Skierniewice was the review of the two regiments of Russian infantry of which the Emperors of Germany and of Austria are the honorary heads. This review took place on the 16th ultimo in front of the historic castle. One regiment was drawn up on the right of the plaza, the other on the left. The two Emperors and the Czar passed up and down the lines. Then the Emperor Franz-Josef defied his regiment before the Emperor William, and the latter in his turn passed in review at the head of his own regiment before the Austrian sovereign, while the Czarina looked on from the balcony. She was presently joined by the remainder of the imperial party, for whose entertainment the regiments manoeuvred to the sound of martial music.

##### NAPLES DURING THE PLAGUE.

Our illustrations show two characteristic scenes in the fair but stricken Italian city at the time when the cholera epidemic was at its worst, numbering its victims by hundreds daily. Putting their faith in saints rather than in sanitation, the people, having organized religious processions, with banners and emblems, traversed the streets crying aloud for the succor of heaven. These processions, leading to various disorders, were at first interdicted by the Archbishop of Naples; nevertheless, under the guise of collecting money for the purchase of tapers to burn at the holy shrines, the demonstrations of the devotees went on. Another picture shows a riot in the suburban quarter of Chiaja, where the populace offered violent resistance to the transportation of cholera patients to a hospital situated in close proximity to the Church of Piedigrotta. The mortality in Naples among the better classes has been more than it has been at any other visitation of recent times. It includes eleven priests, a score of nuns, and as many doctors. The temporary orphan asylum at Naples has been crowded with children, and hundreds of others are privately cared for. According to the official and municipal figures there were 9,512 deaths in Italy up to the 4th inst., but people who ought to know say that in the terrible month of September fully 1,200 died at Naples alone, and a Roman paper estimates the total deaths up to Wednesday at 10,800. Out of 60 provinces in the Italian mainland 44 have been infected, but only 13 have had more than 30 deaths, and only 8 have had more than 100 deaths.

##### THE FATE OF COLONEL STEWART.

The most startling piece of news which has been received from the Soudan since the annihilation of Hicks's command came last week, in the dispatch from Major Kitchener confirming the story of the fate of Colonel Stewart and his party. This officer had been with General Gordon ever since the latter's arrival in Khartoum, and had taken a leading part in all the commander's operations, including his recent successful attack upon Berber. After the capture of that town, he started down the Nile, with a party of forty men, for Dongola. The object of this expedition is not stated, but it was doubtless to continue the work of clearing the river route of hostile Arabs, and to increase the facilities for the relief of Khartoum by forces sent from the north. The steamer stranded on the rocks at Wady Garna, one of the minor cataracts between Berber and Dongola, and not far from Merawi. It being found impossible to float the steamer, Colonel Stewart sent to the Mudir of Dongola for assistance. Before this arrived—if it was sent at all—a number of Bedonin Arabs came aboard and informed Colonel Stewart that he was only a short distance from Merawi; that it could easily be reached by foot, and that he could there procure assistance and float the steamer. They offered to guide him there. Colonel Stewart accepted their offer, and in company with two of his men departed. They had scarcely got out of sight of the steamer, however, when a number of Bedonins sprang out of the shrubbery and murdered the Colonel and his two companions. The murderers then captured the steamer, and all the party except four were killed. M. Herbin, the French Consul at Khartoum, was among the slain. Lieutenant-colonel Hamill Stewart was a native of County Down, Ireland, and was educated at Cheltenham College. He then entered the Royal

Military College at Sandhurst, where he graduated with considerable distinction in September, 1865. He was shortly afterward gazetted to a cornetcy in the Eleventh (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars. On their return from foreign service in India, in May, 1879, he was appointed a Vice-consul in Asia Minor, where he remained till October, 1882. In 1881 he was created a C. M. G. He was then ordered to Egypt on special service, and was directed to proceed to Khartoum, to prepare a report on the condition and statistics of the Soudan. He resided long enough at Khartoum to become thoroughly familiar with that city and the surrounding country, and it was partly for that reason that when General Gordon went to the Soudan early in the present year, he selected Colonel Stewart to accompany him in an advisory capacity.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

An ordinary spider's thread, just visible to the naked eye, is a union of a thousand or more fine and delicate threads.

Boiled peanuts are a favorite dish with the Chinese. After being boiled in water for some time the oil is extracted and a dough left, which can be used the same as that made from flour.

Laps, according to M. Nordenskjöld, are able to attain an average speed of over six miles an hour with their snowshoes. Races to determine this point were instituted at Quickjock, in Lapland.

In Santa Fé, New Mexico, everybody, rich and poor, grows chili, it being the chief article of diet, and there always being a bottle of it, fresh ground and bright scarlet in color, on the dinner-table. It is not too hot for the most Northern palate, and, unlike the cayenne, has a distinct flavor. You use it on everything except ice-cream, and by the big spoonful, not a mere dusting.

A cholera patient in the lazaretto of Fuorigrotta, near Naples, was seized with terrible fear of his fate and escaped. The guards started in pursuit, and only overtook him after a hot chase of nearly two miles. When brought back it was found that the patient, from the combined action of excitement and strong perspiration, had entirely got rid of his cholera attack.

The etiquette of funerals in Mexico does not permit the female relations of deceased to attend. Only men attend the departed to the church and the tomb. Funerals are so expensive that they often ruin business men. All female relatives, even to cousins and children, must wear deep mourning for two years. During the mourning none of the ladies of the household must be seen in public. Bodies are buried incased in laces and decked with precious stones.

LOUISIANA has the veritable lotos of the Nile. A pond near Opelousas is covered by the umbrella-shaped leaves of the plant. "Visit the place early in the morning," says a correspondent, "when the stately flowers unfold their large white petals, and the purple tints of the closed buds brighten into rose under the rays of the rising sun, and you will reach the very heart of the Hindoo conceit which pictured the dawn as a young boy sitting 'on the flushed bosom of a lotos flower.'"

It is stated that the number of Protestants in France is a present 580,000, of whom 350,000 belong to the Reformed Church, 50,000 are Evangelicals, and 180,000 are divided between Independents, Methodists, Baptists, etc. Comparing the figures with the general population, it appears that there is in France one Protestant to every 63 Catholics. The State pays 782 Protestant pastors, although the total number of the latter is as high as 906, of whom by far the greater number (699) belong to the Reformed Church. Paris counts 40,000 Protestants of all sects, and no less than forty-four buildings devoted to Protestant services. It has been reckoned that, counting the subsidy paid to the pastors, each Protestant costs the State fifty cents, and each Catholic only ten cents.

CAPTAIN CONDER, of the Palestine exploration fund, asserts that he has made a new and important discovery as to the site of Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre. The tomb he has found is a solitary one, differing from the old type of Hebrew tombs. It is near the spot where Stephen is supposed to have been stoned, and, contrary to the Hebrew style, contains, after the manner of the Greek tombs, a shell where two angels could have sat—"one at the head, the other at the feet." The locality now known as the "Holy Sepulchre," and covered with a church of that name, is an old Jewish tomb which was discovered at the time of the Emperor Constantine. Although popular sentiment has honored it as the tomb of Christ, scholars and explorers have not with any great degree of unanimity so regarded it. One of the great objections against it is that it was within the walls of the city, whereas the crucifixion and burial are said to have taken place outside the city.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 4TH.—In New York, Andrew Child, formerly secretary of the Continental Life Insurance Co., aged 60 years. OCTOBER 5TH.—In Lancaster, Pa., John F. Steinman, probably the oldest merchant of that State, aged 95 years; in New Haven, Conn., the Rev. Hugh E. Dinmen, assistant pastor of St. Mary's Church, Birmingham; in New York, Peter M. Bryson, formerly president of the Phoenix Bank, aged 64 years. OCTOBER 6TH.—In Syracuse, N. Y., ex-Mayor and ex-Senator Allen Monroe, aged 65 years; in Louisville, Ky., Matt O'Reardon, a well-known song-writer, aged 45 years; in Paris, Alexis Jean Achard, the distinguished landscape painter, aged 77 years. OCTOBER 7TH.—In Chicago, Ill., Daniel G. Fort, of Oswego, N. Y., formerly Mayor of that city; in New York, Edward B. Grant, a well-known business man, aged 63 years. OCTOBER 8TH.—In New York, Police Captain Edward Tynan, aged 43 years. OCTOBER 9TH.—In New York, Jonathan Thorne, an old New York merchant, aged 84 years; in New York, Charles Oakley, the oldest native-born resident of this city, aged 90 years; in London, England, David C. Green, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a hardware merchant and inventor, aged 70 years; in Fairfield, Conn., Henry Rowland, an old member of the New York Produce Exchange, aged 72 years; in New York, Anthony Dugro, formerly in charge of the New York city prisons and charities, aged 61 years. OCTOBER 10TH.—In New York, the Rev. Dr. Adolphus Huebsch, an influential Jewish rabbi, aged 54 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Captain Dominick Lynch, a retired officer of the United States Navy, aged 71 years; in Brookfield, Conn., the Hon. E. B. Goodsell, formerly Mayor of Bridgeport; in Philadelphia, Pa., Cabel H. Needles, a well-known politician, aged 64 years.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

QUEEN VICTORIA's household numbers just under 1,000 people, whose aggregate salaries foot up £385,000 annually.

GENERAL GORDON has had medals struck off to commemorate the siege of Khartoum. They have been bestowed upon the troops and also upon the women and children who shared in the hardships of the siege; upon the women and children because merited by their sufferings.

A LARGE number of Chinese, who have recently arrived at San Francisco, are taking advantage of Justice Field's ruling that Chinese born in the United States are citizens and entitled to land. A large number of writs have been taken out during the last few days by Chinese who claim to be of American birth.

THERE have been great inundations in the Argentine Republic. Many towns were entirely cut off eleven days. The damage was enormous. Entire families were drowned, and many have died of hunger. Farms have suffered great losses. Charities are being instituted all over the country to alleviate the distress.

THE restoration of Westminster Abbey, which is now fairly under way, will occupy several years. The restoration will be, not merely a reproduction of the existing features of the Abbey, but the removal of many excrescences and disfigurements which the bad taste and ignorance of past architects caused to be engrained on the original plan.

M. KUMMER, the chief of the Swiss Bureau of Statistics, has calculated what the population of certain European countries would be in the year 2000, if the present rate of increase continued. He produces the following figures: Italy, 58,142,968; France, 64,189,400; England, 129,176,145; Scotland, 13,289,776; Germany, 164,678,076; Austria, 54,396,168; Hungary, 15,694,340.

THE Royal Palace at Copenhagen was destroyed by fire on the night of the 3d instant. The archives of the Rigsdag and a number of important works of art, including some of Thorwaldsen, were destroyed. The damage amounts to several million kroner. The palace chapel and Thorwaldsen's museum were saved. Ten soldiers were burned to death while attempting to save some of the effects.

TO THE list of novel inventions from the land of wooden nutmegs must now be added paper cigars, large quantities of which have been imported into the Australian colonies. A correspondent describes these as being such an exact imitation of the natural leaf of the nicotian herb, and to be so well flavored, that it takes a magnifying glass to detect the deception. He adds, too, that they burn well, and hold their white ash firmly.

PARTICULARS have been published regarding the proposed ship-canal across Ireland. The length is intended to be 127 miles, with 30 locks. Navigation would be effected by a towage system, and it is estimated that the passage from Galway Bay to Kingstown would be accomplished in thirty hours. For ships of 1,500 tons the cost would be \$40,000,000; for ships of 2,500 tons, \$60,000,000; for ships of 5,000, \$100,000,000. The projected width at the surface is 200 feet, and at the bottom 100 feet.

At the recent manoeuvres of the German fleet the enormous quantity of powder burnt caused both ships and fortifications to be again and again so completely veiled in smoke that the gunners had nothing to guide them in aiming but the flashes of the enemy's guns. For the ships this circumstance greatly enhances the danger of mutual collisions, and still more of surprise by torpedo boats. One great lesson taught by these manoeuvres is the necessity of inventing smokeless gunpowder.

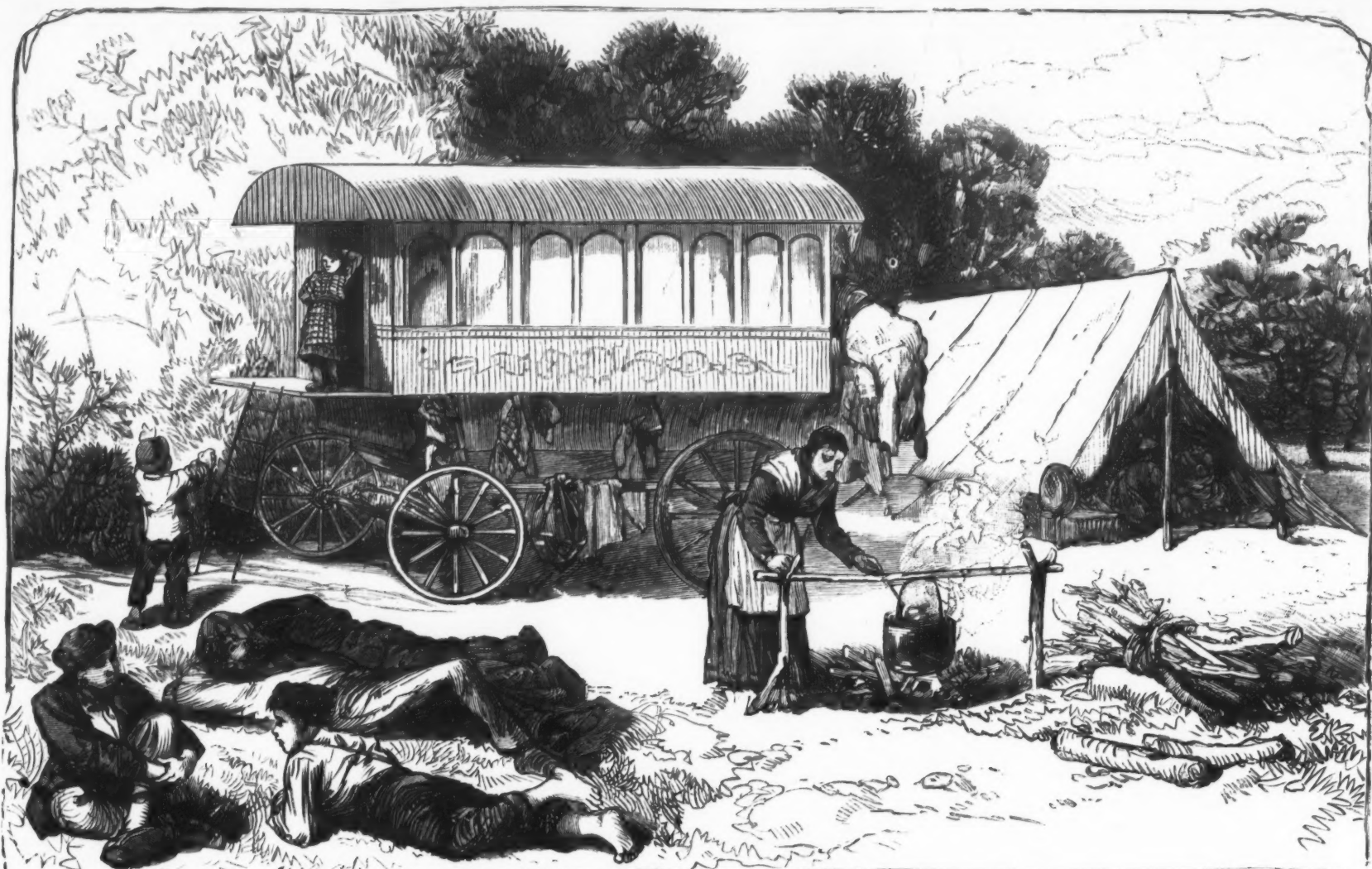
RELATIVELY speaking, the British Navy is by no means as powerful as formerly. To keep pace with her rivals it is said England needs 100 new torpedo boats at once. With 19,000 merchantmen scattered all over the world England has for their protection only twenty-four unarmored ships that can make more than fourteen knots an hour. While France has a naval reserve of 100,000 thoroughly drilled men, England has nominally 43,500, of whom less than 20,000 would be at once available. It is claimed that the building of a large number of fast armored cruisers is imperatively necessary.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions convened in its seventy-fifth annual session at Columbus, Ohio, last week. The annual report shows more than 400 missionaries and assistant missionaries in active service, and nearly five times that number of preachers, teachers and helpers among the natives whom they are training and educating. It has under its care several hundred schools and seminaries, containing some 35,000 pupils under instruction. The general survey of the work of the year states that it has been steadily and hopefully prosecuted. The receipts of the year were \$588,333 and the expenditures \$552,725.

THE Russian proscription of books amounts to a deadly war on intelligence. Fully 125-standard works, representing the best thought of the last quarter of a century, have been suppressed by Count Tolstoi, including works by Lecky, Mill, Lyell, Lubbock, Huxley and Spencer. Even the royal quality of the Count of Paris has not saved from condemnation his book on English trade unions. The property destroyed by this index and by the suppression of various newspapers and reviews is estimated at hundreds of millions of dollars. One review, called the "Annals of the Country," had 10,000 subscribers, and its income of \$100,000 is all wiped out in one day. The establishment of new papers is strictly forbidden. The confiscation was extended even to children's primers which had quotations from certain Russian authors.

ONE of the questions which an Englishman recently left his heirs to quarrel over was the right to his head. The deceased had sold it to the local physician in consideration of his paying the funeral expenses, and when the time came for the delivery to be made he called for it, but the heirs, who said they were perfectly willing to pay the funeral expenses themselves, demurred and refused to carry out the agreement. The aid of the courts was then invoked, and at last accounts the matter was not decided. In the meantime, the value of the head for purposes of dissection, if that is what the physician wanted it for, is rapidly diminishing and soon will be of no value whatever. The English courts have at various times held that there could be no property in the ordinary sense in which the term is used, in a dead body, and the interesting question now comes up whether the ownership, such as it is, is vested in the person himself or in his representatives.





CONNECTICUT.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF GYPSY LIFE—A CAMP AND ITS EMPLOYMENTS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST—SEE PAGE 139.





ROASTING AN OX FOR A DEMOCRATIC BARBECUE.—A SCENE AT MIDNIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 139.



## THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED.)

BUNKER paused before a substantial, solid-looking, old-fashioned house, in a quiet street that had been fashionable years ago. He went up the steps and read the name on the doorplate:

RUPERT ST. AUBYRN.

"I'm correct, as usual," he said, and rang the bell.

The man who came to the door eyed him with suspicion, and did not ask him into the hall.

"Tell Mr. St. Aubyrn that a gentleman wishes to see him," said Bunker, crowding by the man, and passing into the great parlor without waiting for an invitation.

"A-a—" began the servant, looking the disgust and indignation he didn't really dare to speak.

"Correct you are," said Bunker, mocking the tone and manner of the servant, and putting great emphasis on the last word of his sentence: "a—a—a gentleman?"

The servant went up-stairs. He was gone some time. He went away looking as though he desired to tell his master what manner of "gentleman" desired to see him. He came back looking as though he had done so.

"You are to leave at once," he said, gruffly, trying to lay his hand on Bunker's shoulder; "and Mr. St. Aubyrn won't see the likes of you neither now nor any other time."

"Stand back!" said Bunker, with a gesture which won immediate and unquestioning obedience; "and take my card up to St. Aubyrn at once. Tell him that if he isn't in this parlor in just three minutes, I'll come up to find out why!"

The man took the card and went his way. "Bunker!"—what a dreadfully vulgar name! And no first name at all, I presume. And 'Whoop 'Er Up!' That's where the—gentleman lives, I suppose. How quite too utterly shocking!"

But the card affected the master in a very different way from what it had the man; the latter was all a tremble for fear he would be ordered to throw the intruder out of doors, and was wondering whether he would be killed in trying it. To his great surprise, his master went down-stairs, and he heard Bunker say, as the door closed:

"Punctuality is a great virtue, old fellow; here you are, with ten seconds to spare."

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked St. Aubyrn.

He certainly didn't show to good advantage that morning. A handsome man is an admirable thing, possibly, but a handsome man half-frightened to death, and trying not to show it—

Deliver us from the spectacle.

"Sir!" said Bunker.

"Who are you?" said St. Aubyrn, in a louder voice, but with a quiver in it that told of fear.

Bunker waved his hand.

"Let's skip all that sort of thing," he said, contemptuously.

"I don't know you!" gasped St. Aubyrn.

"You're a liar!" hissed Bunker. "There is a policeman across the street; shall I call him in and tell him *who I am* and *what you are*?"

He took a couple of steps towards the window.

"For God's sake, Jim Bunker, sit down," cried St. Aubyrn, "and tell me what you want!"

"I thought you'd remember me after a bit," said Bunker, complacently, leisurely surveying the face of the hot and panting man opposite him.

"Jim Bunker is not a man to be easily forgotten!"

"What do you want?"

"Don't you think we could talk better if we had something to drink?" suggested Bunker. "Shall I ring the bell?"

St. Aubyrn bowed.

"Bring us some wine," said St. Aubyrn to the servant.

"And brandy," growled Bunker.

The astonished man looked at his master.

"Yes," he said; "bring brandy, too."

The man entered after a little with a waiter, on which were two decanters and several glasses.

"Put the brandy there," said St. Aubyrn, pointing to a place on the table near Bunker, and taking the wine himself. The servant obeyed and withdrew.

Bunker filled up a glass with the fiery liquor and passed it across the table.

"Thank you, I never take anything stronger than wine," said St. Aubyrn.

"Drink!" said Bunker, in a commanding voice. St. Aubyrn laughed—a forced laugh, evidently—and drank half the brandy.

"You're a—," he began.

"Never mind what," retorted Bunker; "not a fool, whatever else I may be. Drink it all—all. I take no risks in your house."

Then he drank a glass himself.

"I declined to drink at all at breakfast, this morning," he said, "though I was with a man I could trust fully. I'm terribly thirsty now, but I must ask you to drink glass for glass, as much as I do."

And he reached over and filled St. Aubyrn's glass, and then his own again.

"What do you want?" said the unwilling host.

"You're in a dreadful hurry, ain't you?" sneered Bunker; "I had a very different welcome from another old friend this morning. But business is business, after all. In a word, I want—money!"

"I supposed so. How much?"

"Five hundred dollars will do—for this morning."

"That's too much," said St. Aubyrn.

"Your heirs'll spend it if I don't."

St. Aubyrn drew a long breath, but he took out his check-book.

"You call yourself Jim Bunker, don't you? Here's your check."

"My name is Jim Bunker. I never traveled under an alias, Mr.—"

"Never mind, never mind; keep still. Here's your check."

"I'd rather have the gold."

"The check is good. I shall not prevent its being honored. I don't wish to play any tricks on you."

"You don't dare."

"Let it go so. I am content. Now I am rid of you, am I?"

"Yes—until the money's gone."

"And that will be when?"

"How can I tell? Money goes fast in a city like this, don't it?"

"You must leave Boston."

"Not for one five hundred dollars."

"For how much?"

"I must have time to consider."

St. Aubyrn got up and walked to the window to hide the sudden triumph which shone in his eyes.

"Will you come to me this evening with your answer?"

"Yes, I will."

"Be as reasonable as possible," he said; but he would have used exactly the same tone if he had said to one he loved, "Ask all you wish." And the man whose prudence had suggested the possibility of poisoned liquor never guessed what his tone meant. The human intellect is a strange thing; human acuteness has its limits; humanity is acting out the old story of avoiding one rock, only to find wreck upon another every day.

Bunker promised that he would be reasonable. But he could not refrain from one final taunt.

"You seem unwilling to part with your money. Do you shrink from paying your other debts as you shrink from this? I met another man this morning, a poor devil, who never had five hundred dollars at a time in all his life. I'll be bound. He offered to pay me money, actually offered it. Asked if I would let him pay half now, and the rest in a month or two. What do you think of such self-sacrificing promptness?"

"Well?"

"I took none of his money. His gratitude was worth more to me than gold would have been. I honor a man—when I meet one. No, sir; I took none of his money; on the contrary, I lied to him and told him he owed me nothing. The animal died the day after his escape; he rode him to death, but—"

St. Aubyrn sprang to his feet.

"Jack Truman!" he said, in a whisper, leaning across the table—"Jack Truman, curse him! You talk of money, Jim Bunker; I'll give you ten thousand dollars if—"

"Don't you say it!" shouted Bunker, striking the table a blow that made the glasses dance and jingle. "Keep your tongue silent about harm to Jack, or I'll strangle you."

Bunker went out five minutes later. Bunker promised to come back at night. Bunker was not a good man, in some respects, (though he had never done anything very desperately wicked), but I have no reason to think he broke his word about a simple thing like that. I presume he went back.

There was blood on one of the lonely wharves the next morning—blood and the signs of a struggle. A dozen yards away was a hat, but it was never identified.

The form of a dead man drifted out with the tide. His sightless eyes stared up at the stars. His face had the pathetic patience and the quiet dignity that death always has. When the soul goes out from its tenement of clay, it leaves its record on the face. The dead face had lost the evil; only the good remained; it was like the face of a child. You might not have known the man, so changed was he, nor might I. But Jim Bunker's mother would have known.

Months later there was a body found washed up on the shore a hundred miles away. It was too late to even guess what manner of man he had been, but there was a bit of stained and discolored paper left, that the authorities said was a check for either five or five hundred dollars, and payable to some one by the name of Bunker.

Blood on the snow; floating frozen face; wretched unburied dead; yours is only one more of the mysteries that this world will never see solved. Who knows?—who knew? Not the world. Not the law.

We can only guess.

But some one knew. And God knows. And He never forgets!

CHAPTER VII.—A MORNING AT ST. AUBYRN'S.

IT was last night that the dead face floated out into the darkness. It was last night that a man's soul went out into the great unknown future, with no more than a minute's warning, and no more preparation than could be found while his animal nature fiercely and instinctively fought for life.

It is daylight now. Last night was a long time ago. The sun is up; he is peeping in beside the curtains, and through the blinds upon thousands who sleep—or try to. He is forcing his rays into many rooms; into the rooms of innocent children; into the rooms of good old age; into the rooms of the rich and the poor; into the rooms of the high and the low; into the rooms of those who pray for the dead; into the rooms of the living who need to pray; into the rooms of the tempted; into the rooms of the fallen; into the presence of red-handed and black-hearted murder; into St. Aubyrn's room with the rest.

St. Aubyrn has not slept well. His head is hot and his face is haggard. His hand trembles a little as he turns out the water for his bath. He hears some little noise, and he starts nervously; he looks over his shoulder apprehensively from time to time.

Perhaps Mr. St. Aubyrn's supper did not agree with him. Perhaps he drank too much brandy with his friend yesterday morning. Possibly there is some other reason.

He bathes, but he is not refreshed. He dresses, but he has no interest in the new day, and wishes, wearily, that it were night again. He opens the blinds and lets the sunlight in. The sun seems less bright than usual. There are many dark corners in his room. The shadows are sulky and sullen this morning; can it be that they feel at home in St. Aubyrn's room?

A policeman across the way stops opposite his house, looks up and down the street, and crosses over. St. Aubyrn staggers to the nearest chair and falls into it. He covers his face with his hands. He thinks madly for a moment of the razors in the drawer of his dressing-case. But he does not rise from his chair. He only waits and listens.

Minutes go by. He thinks them hours. There is no noise at the door. There is no step upon the stair. He can hear nothing anywhere. The silence is frightful. Anything would be a relief.

He raises his head. He goes to the window and looks out. The policeman is going back across the street; he only crossed over to say a pleasant word or two to his friend, St. Aubyrn's man.

St. Aubyrn goes down to breakfast. His cook is an expert, but the meal is not palatable. He sips at his coffee a little. He toys with a roll. He pretends to be very busy with a bit of steak. It will not do; he cannot eat; he pushes his plate from him.

How his head aches! How the blood beats and burns in his temples! He is sick—there can be no doubt of that.

He turns out a glass of wine, and tastes it. He never knew it so insipid before. He crosses the room and petulantly throws wine and glass and all into the fire.

He pours out a full goblet of brandy, and pours the liquid fire down his hot, dry throat. He feels life and strength coming back to him—yes, and the courage, too, that he thought gone for ever. He goes into his library, but he cannot read. Poetry is silly; fiction is mawkish; science is visionary—a basis of guesses, with a superstructure of more guesses. He cannot concentrate his mind on medicine. He passes law and theology with a shudder, and turns a volume or two so that the title shall be next the wall.

He goes into his picture-gallery. It is close; it seems to choke him. Some pictures are one blaze of gorgeous color, and almost blind him. He wonders whether the heart could ever be so gay as some painters have portrayed it. He turns to sadder subjects; their solemnity and awfulness maddens him. He looks at the portraits, and his eyes fall before their stern dignity. He leaves the room. He believes he should go mad if he remained longer.

He goes back to the dining-room, and he drinks again, not once nor twice.

He goes out on the street. It is too cold. He comes back to the house and goes into the parlor; it is too warm. He wishes that it were to-morrow; he does not think of yesterday.

He goes up to his own room. He throws himself across the bed. He cannot sleep; he knows himself too well to think he can. But he must be alone, if he can—alone with his thoughts and himself—alone with his past and his present and his future. He lies for a time, staring at the open window. He hears the sleigh-bells dash past, and remembers when he was gay as any of the gayest; it seems so long, so very long, ago! He hears the voices of business and of pleasure pass his window. One and all, they grate upon his ear. How sharp his senses seem! He can hear all that goes on in the street, and much that happens blocks away. The clouds take fantastic shapes. The sounds become confused and blend together. His hands fall like dead weights upon the bed beside him. His breath is long and deep and infrequent. The clouds have disappeared. All sound is one long, low, distant roar.

He comes to himself with a start. He was almost asleep. And he cannot sleep; he cannot sleep! He rises. How long he has lain there! Dinner-time must be past long ago. It must be almost night again. How glad he is. How much better he feels. His head aches less than it did in the morning. He glances at his watch. What is the matter with it? It never stopped before. He looks carefully at it; it is running as regularly as usual. He tries it; it does not need winding. He goes to his clock; it tells the same story that his watch does. It is on the stroke of the hour, and in a moment the bells are corroborating the tale that watch and clock have told. He has been in his room exactly a quarter of an hour. He gropes his way down-stairs, wondering dazedly what eternity must be. How his head aches! He goes into his library again. Surely he can think there. Surely he can be alone.

Alone! Alone, with those books looking down at him! Alone, with Plato and Socrates and Spencer; alone, with Homer and Chaucer and Shakespeare; alone, with Herodotus and Caesar and Bancroft; alone, with Cervantes and Hugo and Dickens; alone—alone—alone—with the *Eternal Word of Almighty God*!

He creeps out of the library like a heart-broken and ruined man.

To the picture-gallery again. But he cannot be alone there. He almost fears that some one of his ancestors will speak to him. He cannot stay there.

Then a panic seizes him. He cannot be alone; he must not think. He hurriedly dons his overcoat and his hat, and goes out upon the street, to go up and down, to and fro, hither and thither, wherever the crowd is greatest as life beats up and down in the city's great arteries of business and pleasure.

St. Aubyrn came back from his walk feeling

better—feeling almost well, in fact. Whatever it was that had troubled him, he had thought it out or fought it out, or both. Heaven help him!

St. Aubyrn was better, but worthier of our heartfelt pity than in the morning. While the body writhes in pain, the medical man may work to help the sufferer; when the pain has gone, not when it is merely masked and deadened by narcotics, but when it is gone, it means cure, or the beginning of dissolution. So with the soul; when it is on the rack there may be fear for it, but there is hope as well; when it has found peace, when its flight is really over, when one self has really conquered the other, the man that comes out from the fire of trial is either very good or very bad. Good or evil, the end is the end. And Rupert St. Aubyrn had conquered his unrest, had won a peace, and had lost utterly in doing it. Not lost much, perhaps, but the last of anything is never little. What ailed him that morning? What do you think? He called it a "nervous attack," for want of a better (or more honest) name.

He had been troubled so before. He had had such attacks several times. His physician had been puzzled, and had been able to do little or nothing for him. St. Aubyrn had taken offense thereat, or had pretended to, and had doctored himself afterwards. He had dabbled a little in chemistry, and knew just enough of it to be a dangerous sort of man. His medicine was hydrate of chloral; he had used other things in some of his earlier attacks, but that had been his strength and stay lately. It was simple enough, you see, for a man might have slept through the horrors of the Inquisition if they had had chloralhydrate in those days, and he had had enough of it.

Formerly, it had taken time to cure St. Aubyrn—time and the devilish drug he used. It was a great thing that he had cured himself in a forenoon, and without the medicine; a great thing physically and medically, that is; morally,

"What shall it profit a man?" has always been a pertinent question, and always will be.

St. Aubyrn would have laughed at his physician now; he had criticised him before. I shall neither criticise nor ridicule; possibly if St. Aubyrn had been a poor convict in a prison ward, instead of an honored man in an aristocratic home, the doctor might have done better by him, although I know too little of the science of medicine to be able to tell you what they would give a man with such a disease—say, as Remorse. Perhaps it would be hydrate of chloral, after all.

It is unfair to ask a physician to help one unless one is ready to help him in turn. And St. Aubyrn had always turned a deaf ear to the man he asked to help him up from his fits of nervous prostration whenever he was questioned as to the cause. He would give no man an opinion as to that. In fact, he carried always a potent remedy, a stronger portion than his chloralhydrate, which he had promised himself he would use if the world ever penetrated below his "nervous attacks" to the reasons for them. It would be a most heroic remedy; it would require nerve to use it; but it would be a cure for the trouble; there is no doubt of that.

St. Aubyrn ate a hearty dinner that day, a very hearty dinner. His wine tasted good again, and he drank a great deal.

After dinner he took out his medicine and looked at it. How innocent its appearance! Was it any wonder he laughed? You would have done so, in a different way.

Just the tiniest vial of it; in the most delicate of glass-stoppered bottles; not a tenth of an ounce; but covered away from the light in a snug little leather case; as harmless—as the thunder-bolt; as kind—as the whirling cloud which sweeps into sight in the west a heart-beat before the tornado strikes.

Its label was:

CYANHYDRIC ACID, C. P.

(To be continued.)

### INCREASING THE BARTHOLDI PEDESTAL FUND.

A SOMEWHAT novel demonstration, for the purpose of securing contributions to the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund, was made in New York city on Saturday, the 4th instant. The Sons of the Revolution, the Grenadiers de Rochambeau, and the Wadsworth Post Fife and Drum Corps paraded up Broadway from the Battery to Madison Square, carrying contribution-boxes to receive the offerings of the crowd. A speech was made by President Herrick at the Produce Exchange. At the Washington Statue in front of the Sub-Treasury building in Wall Street, where the procession also stopped, quite a crowd gathered to drop their dollars into the boxes. The progress up Broadway, however, was not obstructed by contributors, as very few people had heard of the proposed demonstration and its object. The amount of money collected was \$659.57. Further attempts of a similar kind will probably be made to increase the fund, and it is to be hoped that they will meet with an encouraging response. The work on the grand pedestal should never be interrupted for want of money.

### MONUMENT TO COLONEL ROBERT A. SMITH.

ON the 17th ultimo, the anniversary, a monument to the memory of Colonel Robert A. Smith, and the men of the Mississippi regiments who perished in the Confederate attack on the stockade fort at Mumfordsville, Ky., September 14th, 1862, was unveiled at that place with imposing ceremonies. In the battle named, the fort known as Fort Craig was held by some 3,500 Union troops, who were opposed by the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twentieth and Forty-fourth Mississippi, the Tenth being under command of Colonel Smith. The Unionists were strongly intrenched, and an abatis of felled beech trees, with their thick interlacing branches, was a death-trap to the assailants. Colonel Smith was shot down while leading on his command, as were other gallant officers. An armistice was agreed



upon, but three days later General Bragg moved up, and his forces took the fort with its garrison, ordnance and supplies. The remains of Colonel Smith were temporarily interred on the field of battle, with his comrades, but his sister and nephew subsequently removed the remains to Jackson, Miss., where they now repose. He was a native of Scotland, and fell in his twenty-sixth year, only eighteen months after he had entered the army, in which he had already won distinction. His brother, Mr. James Smith, was formerly a resident of Mississippi, and it is at his expense that the monument, of which we give a picture on page 140, was erected. The monument is of a solid block of white volcanic limestone, quarried near Bowling Green, Ky. Its gross weight was thirty-five tons, and in its finished form it weighs about thirty-two. It is twenty-one feet high, four feet broad at the base, and three feet across the top. It is built up on a foundation of rock and cement, extending ten feet under the ground. The inscription is:

SOUTH 42° WEST,  
NINETY POLES DISTANT,  
IS THE PLACE  
OF THE SACRIFICE  
OF  
COL. ROBT. A. SMITH  
AND  
HIS REGIMENT,  
THE  
TENTH MISSISSIPPI,  
ON  
SEPT. 14TH, 1862.

Just south of the monument is the grave of twenty-seven of the killed, of the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-ninth and Forty-fourth Mississippi regiments. Each regiment has a neat stone erected to its memory by a grateful State.

The unvaluing ceremonies were witnessed by about 1,000 persons, including former officers of the Confederate Army and a few survivors of Colonel Smith's regiment. The principal address on the occasion was made by Mayor E. T. Sykes, who commanded a company in that regiment during the battle. Speeches were also made by Mr. James Smith; Mr. Alexander Watt, of Glasgow; and others.

#### ABOUT BARBECUES.

THE kind of feast which we call "a barbecue" had an origin that was anything but festive, if we may judge by the derivation of the name, which comes from the West Indian word *barbacoa*, meaning the furnace or grate formerly used by the Caribs for torturing their prisoners of war. As introduced into the Southern and Western, and more recently into the Middle, States, the barbecue is a very innocent and wholesome amusement, the only victim roasted being a fat ox. The primitive Southern method of performing this gigantic culinary feat was to suspend the carcass on a rude spit over a pit filled with live coals. But we live in an age of progress, and the art of barbecuing has not remained stationary. The mountain of beef is now dealt with in a thoroughly scientific manner—cooked by machinery, as it were. There is a vast oven of sheet-iron, not unlike the peanut-roaster of the sunny Italian on the street-corner, only about 200 times as large as that interesting invention, being ten feet long, nine high, and four wide. Lengthwise through this oven runs an iron cylinder, upon which is secured, with skewers and chains, the dressed carcass of the ox. An animal which tips the beam at, say, 1,400 pounds "in his clothes," weighs 800 pounds on the spit, and is calculated to satisfy the appetites of 3,000 beef-eaters. Whether he does or not, we are less positive. Four furnaces of glowing coals are placed on the ground at the four corners of the oven, and underneath the ox are large pans to catch the drippings. The delicious contents of these pans is from time to time dipped out with a long ladle and poured over the Brobdignagian roast by one of the sable chefs, while another slowly turns the spit by means of a gigantic crank. To have the ox "done brown," six or eight hours are required, and the roasting is usually done during the night. When the cooking is finished, the huge carcass is gayly decorated with rosettes carved out of vegetables, and strewn with flowers. It is then borne in triumph to the banquet-table, to be greeted with cheers by the expectant guests, and a flourish by the band. White-aproned carvers, armed with keen knives, make a valiant onslaught, supplying plate after plate with rare, juicy slices of roast beef in all its glory. Beer-casks are broached. The foaming tankard flanks the smoking plate. The feast goes merrily on, and ere long the skeleton of the once stately prize ox is reduced to a condition similar to that of the mastodon relics in a natural history museum.

There is something hearty and Falstaffian about barbecues. They are not for aesthetic reunions or Sunday-school picnics. It is with aldermen, fat men, and politicians that they are chiefly in vogue. The present season is a great one for barbecues, and the race of prize oxen is in danger of becoming extinct, like the buffalo. Our illustrations are from sketches made at a barbecue in Harlem, which peaceful suburb a Tammany Hall organization recently invaded—and to adopt a rhetorical figure of the district—painted a deep vermillion.

#### THE ROMANY RYE.

THE Romany Rye typifies that feeling of revolt against the artificial life of towns and communities, which exists somewhere, if only in an incipient form, in every human breast. The Old World is full of gypsies, and even in the busy and practical New World, where they are generally held in disrepute, tribes of them flourish here and there. Our artists lately came upon one of their encampments among the green lanes of Connecticut, where they (the gypsies, of course, not the artists) were endeavoring to introduce a little unsteadiness into the land of steady habits. They performed their migrations by means of the customary Noah's ark on wheels, known as a van. They held allegiance, in this instance, to a "king," instead of to a "queen." Outside of the inevitable fortune-telling, the principal occupations of the tribe seemed to consist of smoking, sleeping, and looking picturesque. A number of fiery omnibus steeds were grazing in the vicinity. There is no denying that the gypsies, as a class, possess an unenviable reputation as horse-kleptomaniacs. On the other hand, they have rendered literature an invaluable service by furnishing novelists and libretto-writers with countless thrilling plots based upon child-stealing.

Our pictures, as all good pictures should do, tell their own story.

#### UTILIZING THE OLD WAR RIFLES.

ABOUT 120 old style muzzle-loading 58-calibre Springfield rifles are now dismantled at the Springfield (Mass.) Armory daily, and such parts as fit the new breech-loading model are re-used. The guns thus taken to pieces are part of the 500,000 old-style rifles made at the armory during the war, and stored there unused after 1865. The dismantling began in 1868, when it was found that the whole gun could be sold in the market for only \$1.50, while the parts which could be used in the new model, together with the sale of the remainder as scrap iron to shot-gun makers would net the Government about \$4. The parts sold are mainly the stock and barrel and scrap material, and most of these parts go to manufacturers of cheap shot-guns. The Whitney Company, of New Haven, and the Remington Company, of Ilion, N. Y., are large buyers. The 50-calibre rifles, which were first made in 1866, of which only 50,000 were manufactured, were never stored, but went at once into active service, and have been mainly worn out in it. There are now stored at the armory about 50,000 of the 58-calibre model and 158,000 dismantled barrels and 128,000 stocks. About 50,000 "cleaned and repaired" 58-model rifles are also stored, but will not be dismantled, as they are mainly contract guns, and have seen such rough service in the field as to make it inadvisable to use their parts in new rifles.

#### THE FARMER'S PRIVATE RAILROAD STATION.

"We made a singular discovery the other day," remarked an official of a road running into Chicago. "About three miles beyond a certain station on our line there is a farmhouse by the side of the track. Just beyond the farmhouse is a little creek, over which there is a small bridge. About four years ago some repairs were made to that little bridge, and, of course, the bridge-gang had put up a signboard, 'Run Slow,' on either side during the day or so the bridge was weakened. When they had finished their work, they went off and forgot the signs. The fact is, the boards had disappeared, and they didn't take the trouble to hunt them up. Some weeks afterward, no one knows just when, these signs reappeared in their former places. Nobody knew who put them there or what for. Nobody cared. If the section men noticed them at all they thought the bridge men had done it. It was none of the engineers' business why they were there—it was their duty to observe regulations, which required them to slow down at all such signs. Observe regulations they did. For about four years not a train had passed over that little bridge without slowing almost to a standstill. The culvert, for that's all it is, has been as safe as any part of the roadbed, and yet stopping and starting trains there has cost this company thousands of dollars. You know, it costs money to stop and start trains. You are wondering how it all comes about, of course. Well, that farmer stole those boards and put them up again at his leisure. For four years he has been going into the town or coming home from it on our trains, getting on or off right at his own door. It was a slick scheme, and how he must have laughed at us and enjoyed it all the while. But his revenge is now up, and the engineers are having their revenge by keeping up an infernal screeching of their whistles at all hours of the day or night whenever they pass that farmhouse."

#### AMERICA'S JEWELS.

Few are aware that in the broad vaults of the Treasury at Washington are deposited for safe keeping a large quantity of diamonds and other precious stones. These gems all have histories. Among them is a bottle four or five inches long filled with diamonds, and there are many other kinds of precious stones. Some of them are set in gold ornaments, intended for personal wear. The first collection of which we have any authentic account has been in the custody of the Treasury officials for over forty-five years. They were sent to President Van Buren by the Imam of Oman, whose capital city of Muscat, in Arabia, on the Persian Gulf, is the most widely known of all Arabian cities as to outsiders. The Imam was the duke politician of Arabia, the boss dandy of all the Bedouin kin, and having found that Martin Van Buren was two-fold sharper, keener, subtler and dandier than he was himself, he sent these diamonds and pearls to him as a tribute to superior genius and morality. But after Van Buren took them he did not know what to do with them. He had an elephant on his hands. He could not accept them for himself, although he wanted to do so, as the Constitution expressly forbade any person connected with the Government accepting any present or decoration from any foreign power or potentate, without express authority of Congress. This authority Congress would not give. In fact, it was inexpedient at that time to ask for it. So the jewels were finally turned over to the Treasury, where they are now.

But the Imam's gift is not all. There are in the collection superb jewels received at other times and in various ways. Turquoises blue as Syrian Summer skies, emeralds like the reflection of Ireland's green turf in her crystal-waved lakes; rubies, Oriental rubies that flash a world of liquid crimson light till the eye grows dim with gazing; sapphires; pearls as white as the foam of the sea; and opals that shimmer with resinous radiance as only the precious opal can; all these are there. There are many beautiful and many quaint ornaments, jeweled brooches and rings and sword-hilts; be-diamonded crosses brought from the Malay Isles by Wilkes, and lots of other rare and valuable trinkets. They have no definite owners and are placed in the Treasury vaults because they are too valuable to throw away, and nobody dares to claim them because nobody has any right to them. What disposition to make of them is a puzzle. Congress alone can authorize their disposition, and Congress, although asked several times to do so, has declined to take any notice of them.

#### WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN FINLAND.

SINCE postal savings banks were opened in Sweden and Norway last Autumn, the demand for similar institutions has been growing more urgent in Finland, and after due inquiries and careful consideration, the Finnish Senate has decided to establish postal savings banks after the English system in all parts of the Grand Duchy. There is no doubt that to the poor Finn, who earns a scant living by hard manual labor, it will be a great boon to put by a small sum in a place where it is perfectly safe, but even more than the men, the women have cause to rejoice at the decision of the Senate, for the law establishing the banks indirectly establishes one of the most urgently needed of women's rights. According to the law of Finland, no woman has hitherto been allowed to acquire any property without the authorization of

her husband. This law will in the present case be annulled, and a woman will be at liberty to make use of the postal savings banks without the permission of her lord and master. Considering that it often depends more on the manager of the household affairs than the actual "bread-winner" to economize and save, the wisdom of this arrangement is obvious.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It is announced that the total number of known Australian fishes now amounts to 1,291 species.

It has been officially ascertained by the French Government that every suggestion for the cure of vines infested by phylloxera has proved to be abortive.

FILTERING-STONE is now made by mixing in water, in certain portions, clay, levigated chalk, coarse and fine glass, sand and ground flint. They are molded and hard burned.

TO MAKE a good black varnish for iron or other metals, dissolve by heat three ounces of asphaltum, four quarts of boiled oil and eight ounces of burnt umber. Mix the compound with turpentine while cooling.

NEARLY 4,000 miles of underground telegraphic cable have been laid in Germany, crossing seventy rivers, and seven or eight miles are laid under water. Most of the cable contains seven wires, and the rest four.

DR. REOEL, the Russian traveler, who recently arrived in Merv, intends proceeding along the northern mountain slopes of Afghanistan and the Amu Daria to Pamir. This journey will conclude the doctor's explorations in Central Asia.

The eucalyptus-tree, in addition to its antagonism to malaria, is said to possess in its leaves a remedy for the incrustation of steam boilers, which often causes fatal explosions. Experiments show that the consumption of fuel is also lessened.

NOTWITHSTANDING the formidable economic and meteorological objections that have been advanced against the practicability or utility of any such scheme, Mr. Edwin Lowe has again advocated the firing of cannon and the use of explosives for bringing about an increased rainfall in New South Wales.

The mellowness of old wine, it is found by experiments in Germany, is due to an increase in the proportion of glycerine contained in it more than to a decrease in the proportion of tannin which it holds. The *Orthodox Churchman* says returning missionaries declare that unfermented wine was never known in Syria.

ENGLISH practical science demonstrates that reversing an engine on a railroad train has scarcely a perceptible effect in checking it, the main reliance must be upon the brakes. In one case, where the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile from the station, the train passed the station at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

In order to keep machinery from rusting take one ounce of camphor, dissolving it in one pound of melted lard; take off the scum and mix in as much fine black lead as will give it iron color. Clean the machinery and smear it with this mixture. After twenty-four hours rub clean with soft linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

THE Milan Society for the Commercial Exploration of Africa has organized a circumnavigation of Africa, with a view of affording the pupils of the High School of Commerce, and others, an opportunity of becoming acquainted with likely markets for Italian products. The steamer left Genoa on the 1st ultimo, and the whole voyage will occupy four months. A professor is to lecture during the voyage on the commercial geography of Africa.

PRESSURE on the ears is to be avoided by persons who wish to preserve their sense of hearing. Narrowing of the auditory canal by the pressure of a handkerchief worn over the head and tied under the chin, as it is commonly adjusted by the peasant women of Europe, often causes deafness, and the cornette of nuns, pressing tightly against the pavilion of the ear, frequently produces the same effect. Gradual dilation by laminaria tents is suggested as a rational means of cure.

EDISON, the inventor, has made the following prediction: "As to the changes which will be effected by electricity within fifty years in the city of New York, I would say that I believe electricity will propel the cars of the street and elevated roads, light the city within and without its buildings, furnish power for all purposes, work telephones and burglar alarms, deliver the mail, convey parcels, detect and signal fires, operate fire engines, and possibly displace animal locomotion for vehicles."

THE sun is photographed every day at several different observatories. Recently Dr. Huggins has succeeded in obtaining very good photographs of a wonderful celestial object which is invisible to the eyes of man, except during total solar eclipses—that is, the corona of the sun. By an ingenious arrangement he so diffused the daylight in the atmosphere as to catch on a sensitive plate the faint impression of those marvelous streamers of light that surround the sun and sometimes extend outward millions of miles from its surface.

ALTHOUGH a great deal has been done in Norway and Switzerland to examine and measure the glaciers in those countries, comparatively little has been done in Sweden in this respect. During the last couple of years, however, a glaciologist, Dr. F. Svenonius, has been engaged in studying and measuring some of the glaciers in Norrland, and we now learn from the report of this gentleman that there are about a hundred glaciers in Sweden, but that they are very small, the whole covering altogether only nine square miles (Swedish). The area had previously been estimated at thirty square miles.

M. REGNARD has made a series of experiments on living organisms under high pressure. Yeast was found to be latent after having been subjected to a pressure of 1,000 atmospheres for one hour; an hour later it began to ferment in sweetened water. Starch was transformed to sugar by saliva at 1,000 atmospheres. At 600 atmospheres Algae were able to decompose carbonic acid in sunlight, but they died and began to putrefy after four days. Cress-seed after ten minutes' exposure to 1,000 atmospheres were swollen with water, and after a week began to sprout. At 600 atmospheres Infusoria and mollusks, etc., were rendered morbid and latent, but when removed returned to their natural state. Fishes without bladders can stand 100 atmospheres, at 200 they seem asleep, at 300 they die, and at 400 they die and remain rigid even whilst putrefying.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. LANGTRY'S Chinese page is called "the Beauty's Beast" in London.

THE health of Lieutenant Greely is slowly improving, and he will report at Washington early next month.

GENERAL LOGAN last week visited Philadelphia, where there was a parade of 25,000 uniformed men in his honor.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN, the celebrated historian, has been appointed Professor of Modern History at Oxford University.

HON. LEVI P. MORTON, United States Minister to France, is home on a short furlough. He has been warmly welcomed by his hosts of friends.

HARRY FURNISS has just been appointed to the regular staff of *Punch*. He has been a contributor for some months, but will now have the honor of a place at the famous weekly *Punch* dinners.

By the recent death of the Marquis de Mirabeau a famous name comes to an end. The marquis, direct descendant of the hero of the French Revolution, was childless, and with him the family ceases.

THE Abbé Glorieux, Principal of St. Michael's College, Portland, Oregon, has been appointed Apostolic Vicar for Idaho, which includes all of Idaho, and part of Montana lying west of the Rocky Mountains.

In the MSS. of the dramatized form of "Never Too Late to Mend," the late Charles Reade penned a marginal note to one passage: "If the audience fail to weep here the passage has not been properly acted."

NEITHER Gordon nor Wolseley is a teetotaler. They smoke tobacco—Gordon in all kinds: pipes, cigarettes, cigars; Wolseley the latter, and the best that can be had. Both are temperate in food, and of incessant activity.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS has declined a nomination for Congress in the Second Massachusetts District. It is unfortunate that men of Mr. Adams's stamp are so generally unwilling to serve the country in a Congressional capacity.

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER, the editor and proprietor of the *World*, has been nominated for Congress in the Ninth New York city District. Hon. S. S. Cox has been renominated in the Eighth District, and Messrs. Muller and Hewitt and Hardy in the Sixth, Tenth and Eleventh Districts respectively—all Democrats.

DR. SCHWEINFURTH, the famous African explorer, has started on a new tour of exploration at the head of a scientific party fitted out by the Berlin Academy of Science. Unlike recent German explorations, which have been confined to the west coast of Africa, Dr. Schweinfurth has chosen Nubia and the White Nile as the field of his operations.

AN old reporter writes: "When I was much younger than I am now, I was sent to ask questions of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, and I remarked apologetically to him: 'I am afraid I am prying too much into your private business.' 'Never you mind my half on this job, young man,' the blunt old veteran replied, 'I'm not going to say anything to you that I don't want to.'"

THE new Japanese Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, R. Ku Ki, has reached Washington. He is accompanied by Mme. Ku Ki, Miss Ku Ki, and his secretary K. Meia Ki. The new Minister says that much progress is being made in Japan in the way of building railroads, extending the telegraph, bettering educational facilities, etc., and he feels proud of his country.

MR. JOHN R. McLEAN, editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, was married in Washington last week to Miss Emily S. Beale, daughter of General Edward F. Beale. The wedding was private and was a surprise to many, as it was not known that an engagement existed. The marriage was the result of an attachment formed at Deer Park, where both Mr. McLean and General Beale's family sojourned during the Summer.

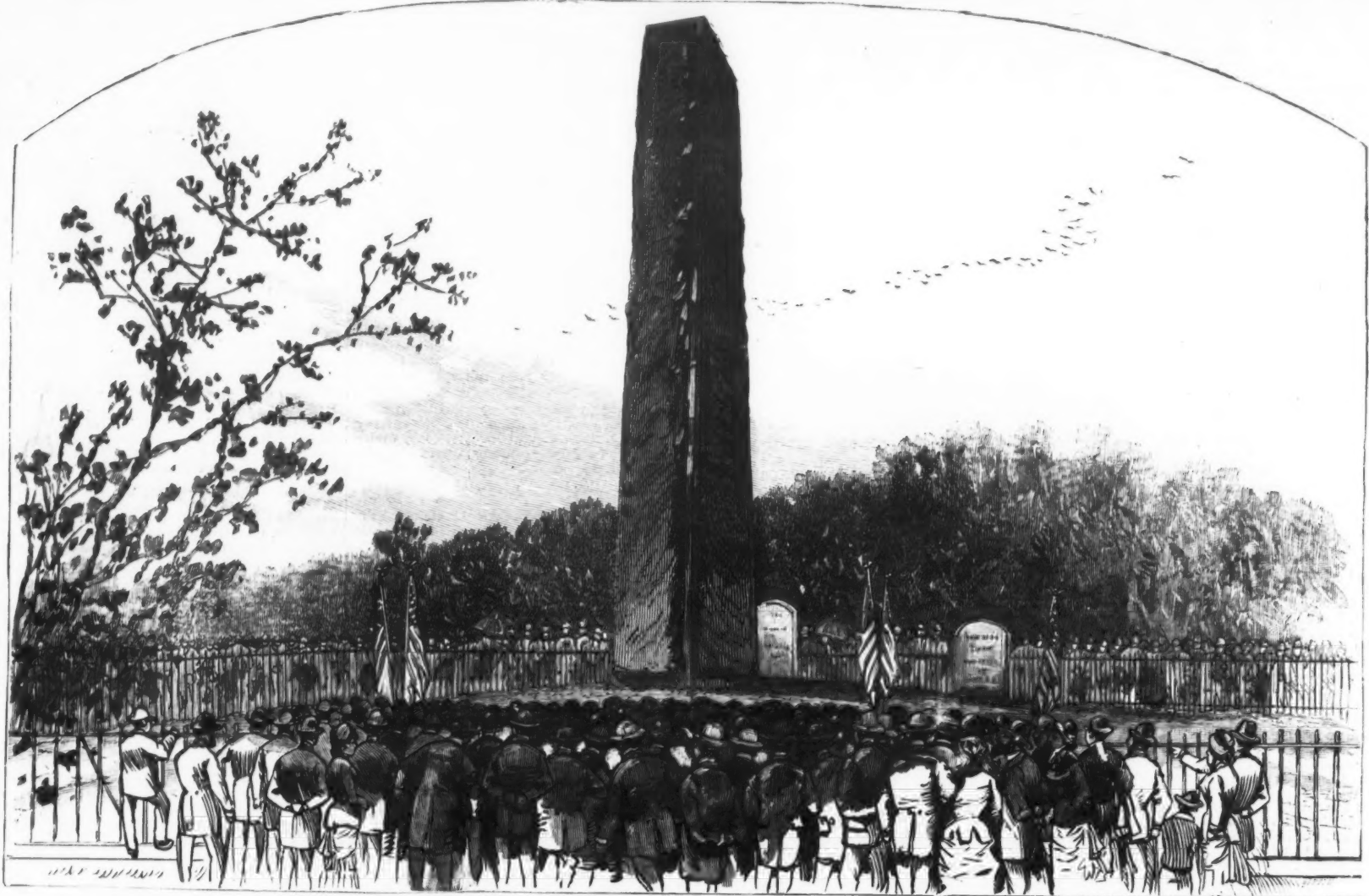
THE New York *Sun* says that Mr. Thomas Hughes, at the request of the family of the late Peter Cooper, has undertaken to write the life of that eminent philanthropist. Among the materials furnished him is an autobiography prepared by Mr. Cooper not long before his death. Mr. Hughes was chosen for the task on account of his well-known skill in interesting young people, to whom Mr. Cooper's career will be especially instructive and encouraging.

M. ZOLA, in a preface to the first work on "Mysteres de Marseilles," which is being republished, tells a story of his early sufferings, in which he says he had failed to obtain a sale of his writings, and was in want of daily bread, when the manager of a small journal, published in Marseilles, proposed to supply him with a mass of police reports as material for a romance. Zola accepted a proposition of payment of two sous per line, as a piece of luck. He has succeeded ever since and has followed this method of work upon the basis of these documents.

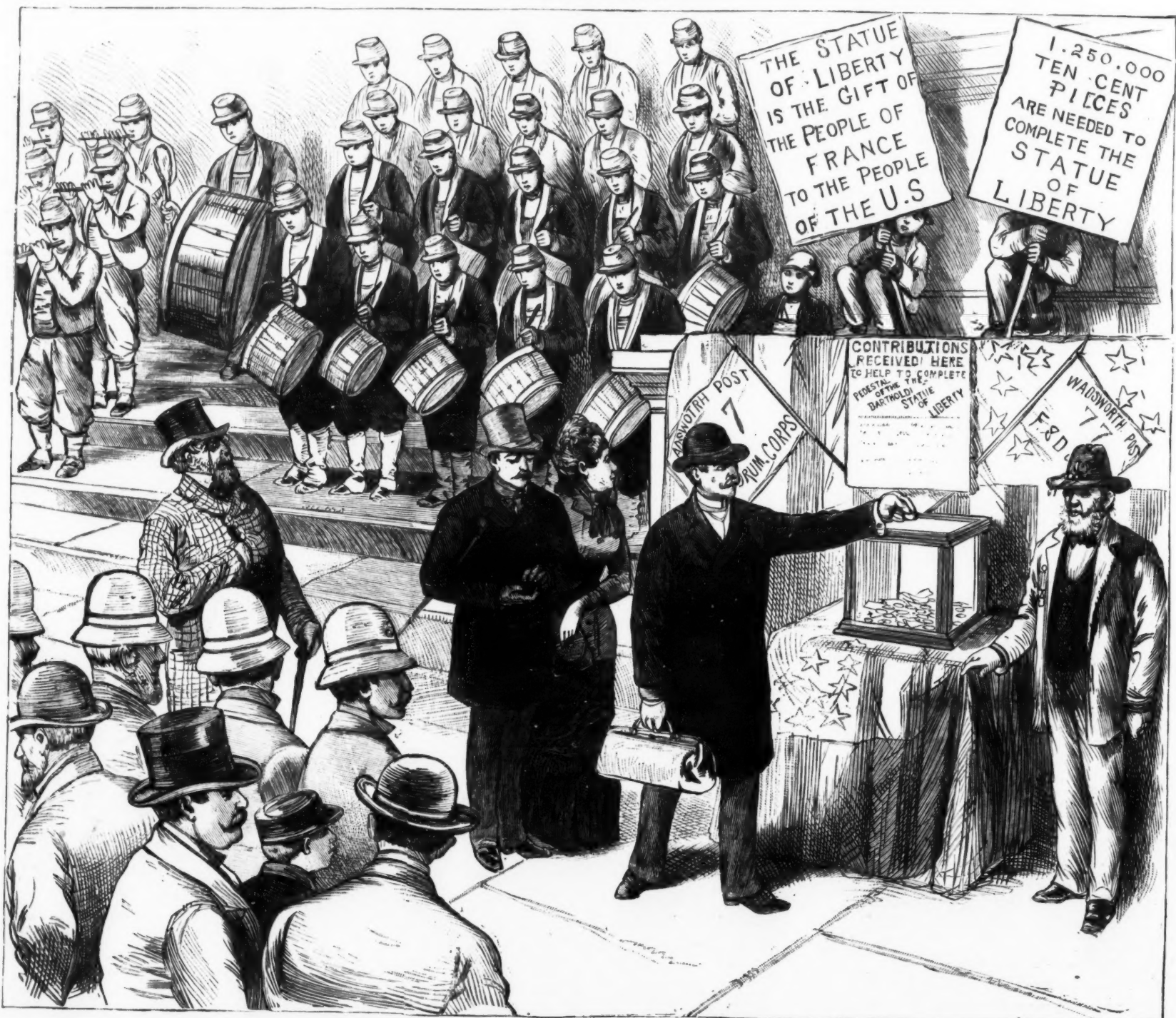
MARY ANDERSON met a warm welcome on her reappearance at the Lyceum in London. She is described as looking lovelier than ever, and it is a reasonable conclusion that all the moths who had previously singed their wings at the flame of her beauty caught a fresh scorch or so. Her performance showed a distinct improvement, and suggested that she had not yet reached the limit of her artistic powers. Her gestures, poses, and business throughout the play, a leading critic writes, "have an exquisite eloquence which was as vivid as it was graceful."

A BALTIMORE correspondent says that Miss Mary Elizabeth Garrett, the daughter of the late John W. Garrett, of that city, is now said to be the richest unmarried lady in this country. The estimates of her father's wealth run from \$15,000,000 to \$50,000,000, and of this she receives a third. Miss Garrett receives as her share of the property an elegant and costly residence, with all the plate, furniture and pictures it contains. She will also be the owner of Montebello and of the beautiful Garrett cottage at Deer Park, where her father died. In addition to this property Miss Garrett will also come in for her third of the personal estate of the testator. Miss Wolff, of New York, has until now been considered the wealthiest unmarried lady in America, but Miss Garrett's fortune will be even greater than hers. Miss Wolff is a maiden lady over fifty years of age, who has devoted her years to deeds of charity. Miss Garrett is only twenty-eight years of age.





KENTUCKY.—MONUMENT ERECTED AT MUMFORDSVILLE TO THE MEMORY OF COL. SMITH AND THE MISSISSIPPIANS WHO FELL THERE, SEPT. 14TH, 1862.  
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 138.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE "SONS OF THE REVOLUTION" COLLECTING MONEY FOR THE BARTHOLDI STATUE PEDESTAL, OCTOBER 4TH—SCENE IN FRONT OF THE WASHINGTON STATUE AT THE TREASURY BUILDING, WALL STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 138.



# STATUE OF GENERAL CHANZY AT BUZANCY.

THIS statue, the work of M. Aristide Croisy, figured at the last *Salon*, and was unveiled September 28th at Buzancy, a little village of the Ardennes, the birthplace of the heroic general whom it commemorates. Chanzy was a brigadier-general at the opening of the war with Germany in 1870. He was made a general of division in October of that year, and in November took command of the Sixteenth Corps, which on the 9th of that month distinguished itself at the battle of



FRANCE.—STATUE OF GEN. CHANZY AT BUZANCY, INAUGURATED SEPTEMBER 27TH.

Coulmiers, and on the 1st of December gained the battle of Patay. Immediately afterwards becoming Commander-in-chief of the Second Army of the Loire, Chanzy struggled bravely, with improvised forces, against the battalions of the German Generals Von der Tann and Frederick Charles. He never despaired for the fate of *la patrie*, and, as representative at the National Assembly, voted for the continuation of the war.

## HANS MAKART.

IN August last the announcement was made that the great Austrian painter had become hopelessly insane. His decline was rapid, and he died in Vienna on the third day of the present month, at the comparatively early age of forty-four years. His famous historical picture, "Catherine Cornaro," and his two allegorical works representing the "Abundance" of earth and sea, were exhibited at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. Other celebrated paintings from his brush, such as the "Entrance of Charles V. into Antwerp," and "Diana's Hunt," are widely known in this

country through various reproductions. Hans Makart was born in Salzburg, and in his early youth went to Munich and became a pupil of Piloty, whom as a colorist he afterwards learned to surpass. He first attracted attention in 1866, by his picture of "A Sleeping Man Embraced by Nymphs," which, like many of his later works, was faulty in drawing and brilliant in coloring. "Modern Cupids" followed, and in 1868 a picture of "Roman Ruins," sent to the Paris Exposition, won him a decided success in France.

Soon afterwards Makart was paid by a Hungarian noble an extravagant price for decorating the walls and ceiling of his dining-room. Makart traveled in Italy, passing several months in Rome, and from thence he went to Egypt. While on his travels he collected much material, which later he used to great advantage.

Returning to Europe, Makart received an invitation from the Emperor of Austria to take up his abode in Vienna. The magnificent *atelier* which has since become one of the sights of the Austrian capital was built for him at the public expense. It was filled to overflowing with rare and costly old furniture, tapestries, armor, precious stones, Oriental costumes and arms, and artistic belongings of every kind. One-half of it was buried in Rembrandtesque gloom; the other, filled with a blaze of light from a great window. Here Makart went to work—industriously, it is true, but in no spirit of sincere devotion to art. His taste was for luxury and splendor. He became an artistic voluptuary. He stood high in the favor of his sovereign, and his studio was the haunt of rank and fashion. The most beautiful ladies of Vienna society did not refuse to serve as models for the nude figures which hold such a prominent place in his works. He painted pictures which overpower the senses by dint of mere theatrical glitter; but for truth he cared little. With him, the heart held but a

subordinate place, and the poetry of nature did not exist. One feels, after looking for a time upon his magnificent canvases, that they attract by dazzle, and fascinate only to fatigue.

While yet a very young man, Makart married a charming young girl in Munich, who became a devoted and tender wife. She worshiped him and was the slave of his caprices, which were numerous. She had splendid raven hair, but when she found out that Makart doted on locks of a golden red she dyed her own tresses, so that they might be more to her husband's taste. She was carried off by consumption many years ago, and when she was laid at rest in her coffin one-half of her hair was golden and the other

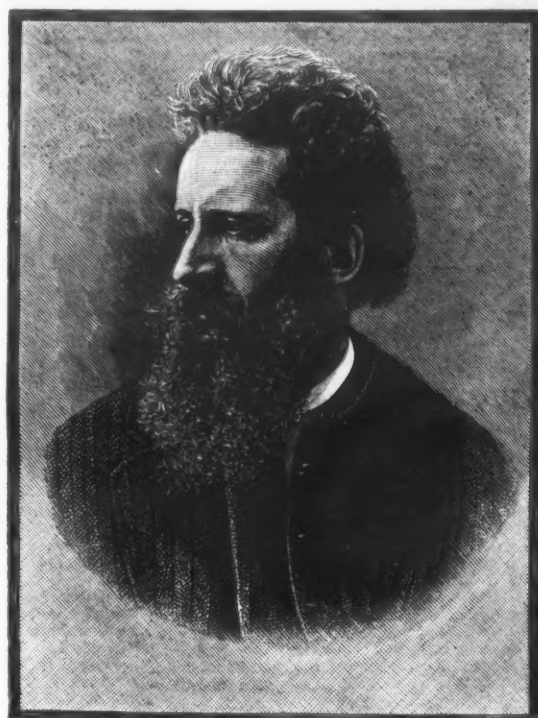
black, so fast had it grown during her fatal illness. She left two children, a boy and a girl.

After the death of his first wife, the artist plunged more deeply than ever into the whirlpool of pleasure and dissipation, giving magnificent entertainments whenever a great picture was finished. In 1882 he caused some scandal by marrying a ballet-dancer of the Vienna Opera House. She respected neither his name nor his fame, and, it is said, finally drove him to the madhouse.

What Makart's permanent reputation will be, is not certain. He has both injudicious partisans and violent detractors. Probably he reached the zenith of his fame at the time when he was most disposed to enjoy it, and, having made the most of it, neither expected nor hoped for more. He was unquestionably a genius in color. His treatment of large masses of figures was masterly. As a sensuous, if not an ideal, painter of the beauty of woman, he was unrivaled in this, or perhaps in any age. That is the quality which won him his fame, and which is most likely to preserve it.

## A WESTERN RELIGIOUS JOURNALIST.

THE contrast between journalism at the East and at the West is as fully pronounced in the religious as in the secular papers. Heaviness and profundity are not in favor, but a bright, crisp and taking style of treating even the most serious subjects, is in vogue. A typical religious journalist of the West is Dr. William Cunningham Gray, the editor of the largest and most widely circulated organ of the Presbyterians west of the Alleghenies. This is the *Interior*, published at Chicago, which was founded by the late Cyrus H. McCormick. Dr. Gray was born in Butler County, Ohio, near Cincinnati, October 17th, 1830. His early education was gained in a log schoolhouse near his father's farm. Then he went to Hopewell Academy, and afterwards entered Farmer's College, where he remained from 1846 to 1850, alternating his college study with farm-work and school-teaching. After leaving college he studied law with Judge Josiah Scott. In 1853 the young lawyer entered the journalistic career, and founded the *Tribune*



AUSTRIA.—THE LATE HANS MAKART, DISTINGUISHED PAINTER.

PHOTO. BY LOWRY.

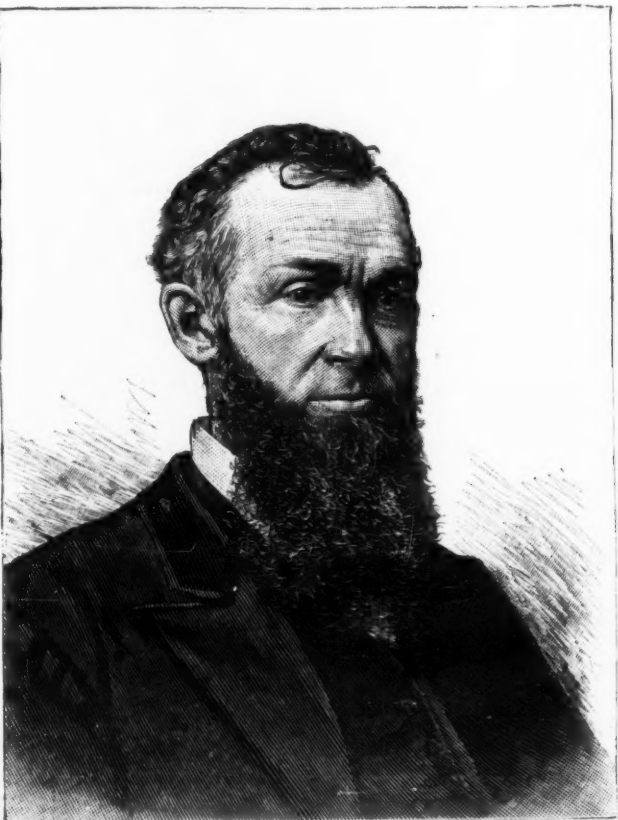
in Tiffin, Ohio. He set the type himself, and was later offered a position in a large publishing house in Cincinnati.

When the Presbyterian magazine—*Our Monthly*—was started in Cincinnati, Mr. Gray had charge of its printing department, and often contributed spicy articles to its pages.

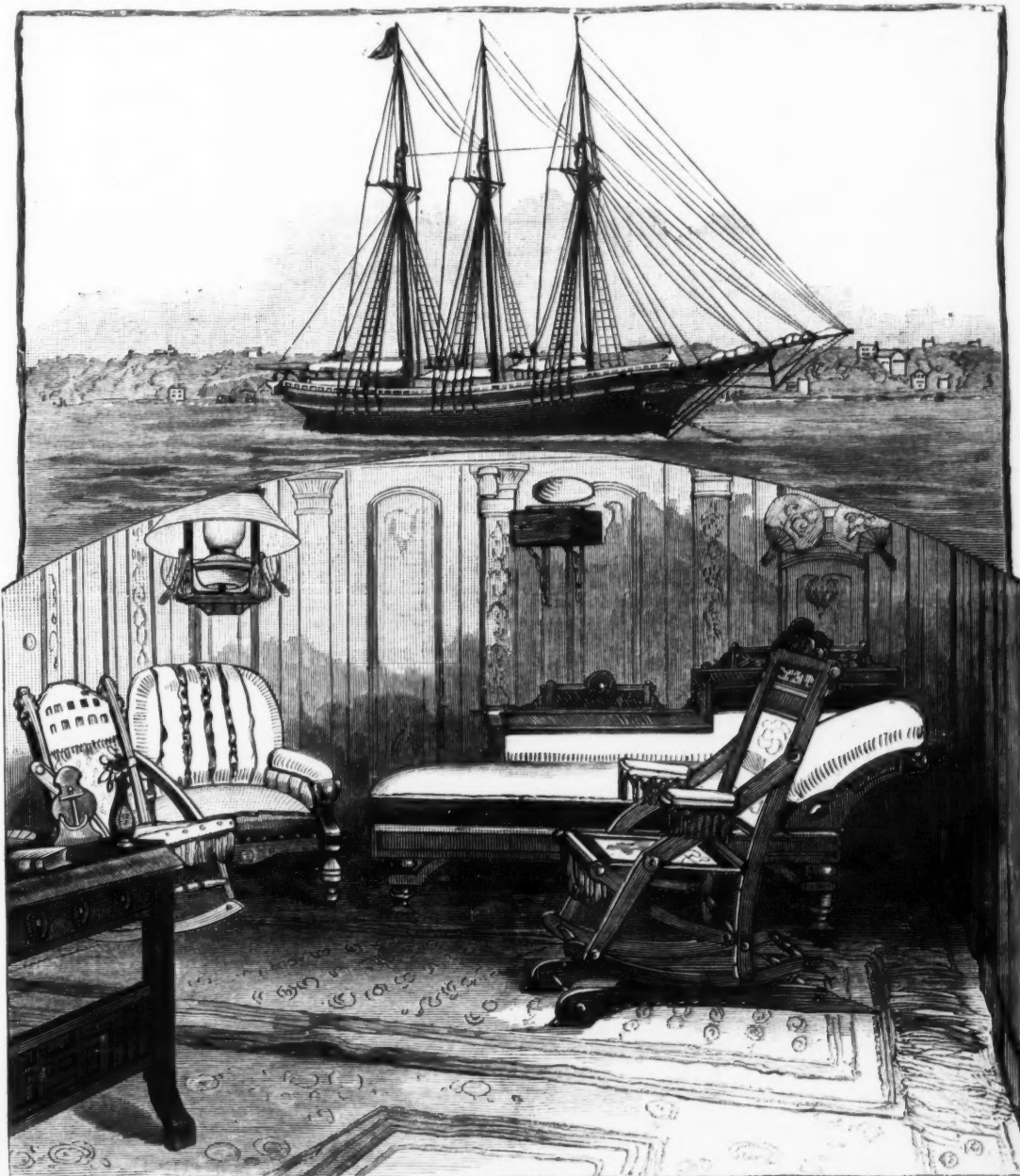
When the Interior Publishing Company was nearly ruined by the great fire in Chicago, Mr. Gray was sent for to edit and raise up the paper from the ruins.

He did so, and to-day the *Interior* is the representative Presbyterian journal of the Northwest. Dr. Gray raised the circulation from five to twenty thousand in a few years.

Dr. Gray is a witty, sarcastic and very forcible writer. His style is direct and terse, and he makes abundant use of illustrations from life. He is quick to strike a fallacy or expose sophism. He is believed to be the only layman in the world



ILLINOIS.—DR. WM. C. GRAY, PH.D., EDITOR OF THE "CHICAGO INTERIOR," PHOTO. BY MOSHER.



CONNECTICUT.—THE REMARKABLE SCHOONER "JOHN H. TINGUE," LATELY BUILT AT NEW HAVEN, VIEW OF THE CABIN.—SEE PAGE 142.



having exclusive editorial control of a religious denominational journal.

Dr. Gray was converted at the age of fifteen. At first he was connected with the Associated Reformed Presbyterian Church, which afterwards became an element in the United Presbyterian Church. After the War, he joined the Northern Presbyterian Church. He has served as Ruling Elder, and has represented his Presbytery several times in the General Assembly. The University of Wooster, Ohio, in 1874 conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

#### A REMARKABLE SCHOONER.

PROBABLY the finest schooner now sailing from New York is the *John H. Tingle*, Captain J. M. Seaman, lately built at New Haven, Conn., and in the New York and Charleston trade. The *Tingle* cost \$36,000, and has been fitted up in the most luxurious and tasteful style by the wealthy plush manufacturer whose name she bears. Velvet carpets and silk upholstery for the captain's cabin, Dresden glass and genuine china for the pantry, rooms finished in solid hard wood, and other appointments in keeping, all combine to make the *Tingle* a notable addition to the Merchant Marine. In some of the chair coverings are worked figures of the heads of Angora goats, which Mr. Tingle was the first to import, and the wool of which he uses in the manufacture of plush. One chairback has a scene from Mr. Starin's Glen Island worked in it.

Mr. Tingle also presented the vessel with a full set of colors and international signals, all of the finest make. The launching of the *Tingle* at New Haven was attended by over 500 specially invited guests, including many from New York, and was made the occasion for a general holiday in Seymour, where Mr. Tingle's plush manufacturing factories are located.

#### HOW THE CHINESE AIM.

WHEN the French troops made their first and unsuccessful advance against Sontay, some importance was attached by the special correspondents of the English papers to the circumstance that the Black Flags apparently fired low. It was pointed out that most of the bullet-wounds received by the French soldiers were found in the legs and lower parts of their bodies. Of course, the practice of firing low is one strongly urged upon the troops, a shower of bullets being much more effective if fired low, even if it strikes the ground in front of the advancing hostile force, than it would be if sent into the air over the heads of the approaching enemy. But a rather interesting explanation is given of the reason why the Black Flags and their allies fire low by one who has had a great amount of experience with Chinese troops. He says that the bulk of the Chinese had no idea of the use of the sights on the rifles, and it is almost useless to attempt to teach them the use of such contrivances. Thus, a Chinese soldier armed with a modern rifle would never think of raising the sight of his weapon when he was called upon to use it, especially in the face of an enemy. He would fire at an object six hundred yards off with the sight down, the consequence being that the muzzle of the rifle not receiving the necessary elevation to carry the bullet over a long distance, the ball would strike or descend very close to the ground before it reached its destination. It was also asserted that some of the Chinese soldiers actually knocked the sights off their rifles as being entirely useless.

#### A DEFENSE OF SOCIAL DRINKING.

THE Swiss Federal Council has sent a blue book to the Assembly embodying the results of an official inquiry into the liquor traffic, induced by petitions sent up from various cantons for legislation against such traffic. The petitions give statistics which show that the consumption of alcohol in Switzerland is greater per head than in any other country of Europe. Statistics also show that the consumption of brandy among the Swiss is increasing, and that, parallel with this, there is an increase of mental disease and an increase of misery and want. In spite of all this, the Council refuses to recommend restrictive legislation. It says that the sales of liquor in Switzerland represent an annual return of 150,000,000 francs.

In one clause of the report, headed "The Advantages of Spirituous Drinks," the Council is outspoken in defense of social drinking. Among other extraordinary statements it says: "The practice of social drinking of spirituous liquor brings a cheerful temper into society, effaces the traces of daily labor, opens the heart to other impressions, and is intimately associated with the development of public life. The public-house fosters intellectual activity, and is a remedy against misanthropy, egotism, vanity, narrowness of ideas, and extravagance of imagination." The report has taken the country by surprise.

#### DRINKING CEREMONIES.

THE custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is very common in England and many other countries, and especially in Germany. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed, and still exists even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup and to eat off the same plate was one of the ways in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. In the medieval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, but this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups or glasses were adopted, and the old custom was conformed to by the drinkers touching their glasses before drinking. The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "loving cup," as practiced at great city festivals and at some college halls, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King Edward. It was then the custom among the Anglo-Saxons to pass round a large cup, from which each guest drank; he who thus drank stood up, and as he lifted the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defense to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by any enemy to murder him. To prevent this, the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink, he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenseless position: this companion stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend

the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging in drinking. In drinking from the "loving cup," as now practiced, each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, and at the same time the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn, the individual next to him does the same.

#### THE GAUL'S BATHING ESTABLISHMENT.

A WRITER in *Chamber's Journal* says: "Here is a lady habited in scarlet, dainty shoes and stockings to match, and a bewitching cap (none of your hideous oil-skin), with falling lace and telling little bows of ribbon. Here another, clad in pale-blue, with a becoming hat tied under her chin, and many bangles on her wrists. The shoes alone are a marvel. How do all these intricate knots and laces, these glancing buckles, survive the rough and sportive usage of the waves? Who but our Gallic sisters could imagine those delicate blendings of dark-blue and silver, crimson and brown, those strange stripes and aesthetic olives and drabs? The costume of the gentleman is necessarily less varied, though here and there one notices an eccentric harlequin, easily distinguishable among the crowd, and again, what Englishman would dream of taking his morning dip with a ruff around his neck, a silken girdle, and a hat to save his complexion from the sun? Two amiable persons, dressed in imitation of the British tar, obligingly spend the greater part of the day in the sea. Their business is to conduct timid ladies from the beach and assist them in their bath. The braver spirits allow themselves to be plunged under the brine; the more fearful are content to be sprinkled delicately from a tin basin. There is also a rower, whose little boat, furnished with life-saving appliances, plies up and down among the crowd, lest one more venturesome than his neighbors should pass beyond his depth—an almost impossible event, as one might say, seeing with what fondness even the boldest swimmer clings to the shore."

#### A NOTABLE COTTON INDUSTRY.

THE PHENOMENAL SUCCESS OF THE GILBERT MFG. COMPANY THREE-LEAF TWILLS.

It is now less than three years since the establishment of a mill for the making of the GILBERT TWILLS. To-day, the success of the manufacture is looked upon as something phenomenal: it is even affirmed by the trade that the world has been given the best cotton twill lining it has ever had.

Every woman knows that all linings have been more or less subject to strain in consequence of the warp being stronger than the weft, resulting in much discomfort by an ill-fitting costume. Then, too, it has been difficult to find a fast dye. Many experiments have been made to remedy these defects: to make a lining that would be of equal strength in warp and weft, with a weave that would not strain except so far as to allow sufficient elasticity for natural motions of the body, and finally the fastness of colors that would be absolutely fast. THE GILBERT MANUFACTURING COMPANY solved these problems, and it is no exaggeration from truth to say that in the short period of the company's existence, it has revolutionized the trade in linings.

In a conversation with Mr. Dorman, President of the GILBERT COMPANY, he said to a representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: "We make these Cotton Twills to take the place of our old-fashioned Silesias, which was a four-leaf twill. Ours is a three-leaf twill and is much finer, finer, stronger and tougher than any Silesia made on earth. We have the best dyes on the Continent. Our superintendent spent four months in Europe, and obtained the best talent there, and we have since kept the best. Every thread in our finer fabrics, both in the warp and weft, is double carded and double roved, a process never before adopted in any class of dress linings or Silesias, and which gives the same improvement in this cloth over all other cloths, that a six-cord spool of cotton has over the ordinary three-cord."

"Are there not many imitations or counterfeits of your goods in the market?" was asked. "The GILBERT TWILLS are distinctly marked on the selvage, the yards and the quarters, so that a merchant can know at all times the number of yards remaining in the piece. In addition to this the letter G is stamped on the quarter yard, and the letter M on the three-quarter yard, which leaves the yards and half-yards in figures. To do all this the company controls the patents for all the three-leaf twills, costing this company \$13,000."

The GILBERT MANUFACTURING COMPANY make thirty-four different qualities and styles of linings, varying in price from eight cents to twenty-two and a half cents, and in all shades and colors, and the finish is superb. The office and salesrooms of the company are at 346 and 348 Broadway, New York, and the representative drygoods houses in every city of the United States, and many in Great Britain, are the agents.

#### FUN.

Stick candy is vulgar; nobody but the lowest candy eaters will touch it. There is another kind of "stick," however, that is found in the best society.

Byron never uttered truer words than when he said: "Physicians mend or end us." But while doctors disagree, all the world has agreed that there is no remedy equal to DR. BELL'S COUGH SYRUP.

LADY: "Before I engage you, I should like to know what your religion is." GENT: "Oh, ma'am, I always feel it my duty to be of the same religion as the family I'm in."

#### THE DANGER OF INSOMNIA.

If you are a sufferer from sleeplessness, that warning indication of serious nervous derangements which, if not arrested, may lead to most disastrous consequences, send a statement of your case to Drs. STARKY & FALEN, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia. They have successfully treated many such cases with their new vitalizing remedy, which acts directly on the nervous centres. An opinion will be promptly given, and they will at the same time furnish you with reports of cases from which you will be able to judge for yourself as to the value of their special treatment in your particular case.

WHEN Fogz bought some candy, which was apparently one-third terra alba, he handed it back, after tasting of it, with the remark, "I only want what I pay for. I don't want the earth."

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

VALUABLE IN INDIGESTION.

DR. DANIEL T. NELSON, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."

#### "ROUGH ON RATS."

CLEARs out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggists.

#### Meanest Sneak in Town.

MALARIAL gases sneaked up through the poorly constructed drains and made baby very sick with malarial fever. Baby would have died but for timely use of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. There is nothing meaner in its way of coming, nor worse in its effects, than this malaria from the underground regions. Mrs. McDonald, of New Haven, Conn., says: "For six years I suffered from the effects of malaria, but BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cured me entirely." Try it when malaria steals in and undermines your constitution. It will give relief.

#### THE KINDLY RAVEN.

"BIRD that, with thy jet wings flapping, com'st against my window tapping, Tell me, is there no kind potion that can woman's bloom restore, When, by wearing sickness faded, all her charms grow wan and faded, Till Love's self scarce recognizes the fair face he praised of yore?" "Yes," the gentle raven spoke, with a sympathizing croak. "PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION" can renew her bloom once more. And that remedy is found in each pharmaceutical store."

CARICATURE heads, some of them very funny, are now being molded in chocolate. There is a cream in this practical joke, although there may be no milk in the cocoanut caricatured.

PROFESSOR J. M. CARNOCHAN, M.D., LL.D., Surgeon-in-Chief N. Y. State Hospital, etc., says: "My patients derive marked and decided benefit from Liebig's Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic." Invaluable to all who are run down, nervous, dyspeptic, bilious, or victims of malaria.

#### HEART PAINS.

PALPITATION, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "WELLS' HEALTH REGENERATOR."

The highest medical authorities concede ANGIO-SWISS MILK FOOD to be the best prepared food for infants and invalids. Ask druggists, or write ANGIO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 86 Hudson St., New York, for their pamphlet "Notes Regarding Use of Anglo-Swiss Milk Food." (See advertisement in this paper.)

#### "ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for WELLS' "ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

#### PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR.

MAY be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and strength.

#### "BUCHU-PAIBA."

QUICK, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. \$1. Druggists.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion and all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

#### "ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "ROUGH ON COUGHS," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

#### THIN PEOPLE.

"WELLS' HEALTH REGENERATOR" restores health and vigor; cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

#### PILE TUMORS.

HOWEVER large, internal or external, speedily, painlessly and permanently cured, without knife, caustic, salve or powder, or no pay. Pamphlet, with references, two letter stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

#### "ROUGH ON PAIN."

CURES colic, cramps, diarrhoea; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

#### PILES—PILES—PILES

CURED without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references to DR. CORKINS, 11 East 29th St.

#### MOTHERS.

If you are failing; broken, worn-out and nervous, use "WELLS' HEALTH REGENERATOR." \$1. Druggists.

#### YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health and vigor guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

FOR colds, fevers and inflammatory attacks, as well as for cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use DR. PIERCE'S EXTRACT OF SMART-WEED, composed of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Weed or Water Pepper, Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water.

"MONEY for all: wealth for the many." Price 30c. Agents' profit 20 per cent. RVI. CO., 51 Beach St., Boston, Mass.

#### GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hine so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 517 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

## LADIES

Who have once used our goods are now careful to look for the INITIALS of OUR COMPANY on every piece of DRESS LININGS they buy.

A few DEALERS are stating to the trade that they are selling our goods, when in point of fact they are offering only an IMITATION ARTICLE made from SHORT STAPLE COTTON, thereby practicing a gross deception.

BE SURE you buy no goods without you see PLAINLY PRINTED on the SELVAGE THE LETTER G for the quarter of a yard and THE LETTER M for the three-quarters of a yard. You will then get a lining that for Toughness, Firmness and Fineness is Positively Unequaled.

We give below a list of a few of the representative houses where these goods can be found:

#### IN NEW YORK:

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J. & C. JOHNSTON,  
E. RIDLEY & SONS,  
LE BOUTILLIER BROS., 23d ST.,  
JAMES A. HEARN & SON,  
CONKLING & CHIVVIS,  
SIMPSON, CRAWFORD & SIMPSON,  
LE BOUTILLIER BROS., 14th ST.,  
JOHN E. KAUGHAN & CO.,  
J. DANIEL & SONS,  
H. O'NEILL & CO.,  
H. C. F. KOCH & SONS,  
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EHRICH BROS.,  
GEORGE KEYES' SON & CO.,  
BLOOMINGDALE BROS.,  
KAUGHAN & CO.,  
WESTERVELT & DEMOREST,  
J. N. COLLINS.

#### IN BROOKLYN:

FREDERICK LOESER & CO.,  
JOURNAY & BURHAM,  
WECHSLER & ABRAHAM,  
T. K. HORTON & CO.,  
S. WECHSLER & BRO.,  
HURD, WAITE & CO.,  
A. O'BRIEN & CO.,  
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C. M. WEST,  
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NO. 394 5TH AVE., CORNER 27TH ST.  
Trust funds, estates, etc., managed on moderate terms, and income or interest promptly collected and remitted. Authorized to act as court, city or State depository; also as trustee, fiscal or transfer agent of corporations, States or municipalities.  
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS, also DEPOSITS RECEIVED SUBJECT TO DEMAND CHECK.

BOXES FOR SECURITIES, JEWELRY or other valuables to rent at \$10 per annum and upward, in FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT.  
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